

# Sports Illustrated

MARCH 10, 1975

75 CENTS

## A DATE WITH THE MASTERS

Lee Elder





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**Dedicated to the Free Spirit in just about everyone.**

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John Muhsenigarth

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HELL FROZEN OVER is what British explorer Sir Ernest Shackleton and live companions endured in 1915 on a hurricane-beset small-boat journey in Antarctic waters. A classic sea tale by F.A. Worsley, one who endured.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly, except one issue a year and by Time Inc. \$4.15. Postmaster: Send address changes to Sports Illustrated, Co., N.Y. 10020. J.R. Shepley, President; C.J. Drum, Treasurer; C.B. Shaw, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Dept., Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in each. Subscriptions in the U.S. \$14.95 a year.

## LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Signs are posted at the bottom of every lift at Steamboat Springs, Colo., offering all comers the chance to ski with a world champion—completely free of charge. SKI WITH BILLY KIDD, UPPER GONDOLA TERMINAL. AT 1 O'CLOCK the signs read and, sure enough, folks getting off at the top find Billy Kidd waiting, cowboy hat cocked over his eyes, prancing horses emblazoned on his sweater, an ex-racer who has chosen this way to repay the sport for some of the advantages it has given him.

"On the way down the mountain, no

representative, television personality and now the author of a how-to book, Austria's Karl Schranz, once Kidd's fiercest rival and also retired, recently produced a book promising to teach the reader "how to ski in just six days." The rivalry goes on! Billy's book claims the reader will learn "how to ski in just five days."

For all his activities, Billy sets aside part of each ski day for a run down a mountainside full of moguls, those bumps that inspire emotions ranging from love to fear and loathing. Kidd does it strictly for kicks. Indeed, in talking about moguls, Kidd is so evangelistic that, after one long dinner with his SI friends, it seemed that nobody would get any rest until we assured him that we would do a piece on the how and why of sking the lumps.

The assignment brought Leifer back into action. Neil first photographed Kidd for a cover in March 1965, showing up at Aspen in galoshes and topcoat, never having seen a live skier or even a real mountain. Kidd was as patient then as he is now and apparently as evangelistic. Leifer has been skiing ever since, this season reaching a stage he insists is Wide Stance Lower Intermediate. And it was Kidd and Leifer who accidentally provided unimpeachable proof that our instructional works,

"I shoot most ski pictures where I can get on and off a really steep hill by cut track or a long traverse," Leifer says. "I try never to ski expert trails. But I got so caught up in shooting Billy on the bumps that I sort of forgot where I was and we stayed until dusk. And then I realized that I was trapped—stuck on this expert run with no escape."

Never fear, Kidd came up with an on-the-spot preview of his text in this week's issue, showed Leifer the secrets and got him through the moguls beautifully. Well, at least he got him down. That was our first endorsement. This thing really works.

Sackmeyer



LEIFER AND KIDD: LIKING THE LUMPS

matter how big the crowd, Billy finds time to talk to every person," says Photographer Neil Leifer, whose pictures of Kidd in action start on page 33. "If one skier wants a few free tips on how to turn, Billy provides them. If someone just wants to chat about the hill or the weather or philosophy, Billy obliges. Even if one of the skiers wants to give Kidd some instructions, Billy listens politely, smiling and nodding. The thing is, he is the complete public-relations man for an entire sport, the afternoon run doesn't take much time and it makes a lot of skiers happy."

Since his retirement from racing not long after winning a gold medal in the 1970 world championship, Kidd has stayed close to the sport as a ski-area and equipment-manufacturers' repre-

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# BOOKTALK

by JIM HARRISON

## OF ARMS, THE MAN AND THE WHALE THEY SING, DIRGES AND FLUTES IN THE FOG

*Mind in the Waters* (Scribner's, Sierra Club, \$14.95) is a book assembled by Joan McIntyre to celebrate the consciousness of whales and dolphins. It is a magnificent gathering of scientific studies, stories of personal encounters, lore from the whaling days, poems, Greek and Eskimo myths, photographs, all put together for the pleasure and sorrow of those who love or are interested in our brother and sister mammals in the sea. The sense of familial closeness is not an anthropomorphic fantasy but a recognition of the hard evidence that these creatures may have qualities of intelligence and imagination exceeding our own. And they had been wandering the ocean for millions of years when we were still theoretically tree shrews.

It is easy enough to assume equality of in-

telligence in whales and dolphins through data concerning brain size and development and social behavior (including apparent suicide). Our notions of intelligence all seem to center in technological adaptability and capability. Carl Sagan suggests that there are between a million and a hundred million bits of information in a half-hour song of a humpback whale. Yes, they do sing. *Songs of the Humpback Whale* is readily available at record stores. But what about? Sagan imagines that they might be singing of their strange odyssey on earth, sort of a *Moby Dick* in reverse about their "compulsive and implacable enemy," man.

Of course, all this sounds far-fetched, but our discomfort as predators in this case is increased by the evidence that we have an idea qualitatively what we are killing. Farley Mowat writes about a fin whale trapped by a storm and high tide in an inlet in Newfoundland. The opportunity to study this great creature at close range, a rarity, was lost when dozens of local men poured hundreds of rifle shots into the whale for no other reason than it was there. The whale's mate stayed outside the inlet entrance during the weeks it took the creature to die.

Most of the book, though, deals with how

whales and dolphins live, not how they die; how they eat, travel, make love, talk and how they behave toward us, the last being a truly complicated matter. Paul Spong, a cetologist, studies the killer whales (*Orcinus orca*) on the coast of British Columbia in their wild state. Spong has discovered that these whales are bored with records but are interested in live music. He has traveled among large pods of the *orca* in a kayak in the fog, stopping to play his flute while they swim within touching distance.

Meanwhile, 17,000 whales are killed every year for cosmetics, dog food and some human consumption. This number may be added to at least 750,000 porpoises that die "accidentally" in the seine nets of the tuna fishermen. The blue whale is now nearly extinct. In the old days it used to take four men to push the heart of a blue whale across the slippery deck of a whaling ship, its tongue weighs as much as an elephant.

Herman Melville contended that it was only fitting for a cultured nation to have its chief god embodied in a whale. And a Byzantine philosopher, Geminus Pletho, considered dolphins to be the mind of God in the waters. Hence the title and the splendor of the book. END

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# Shopwalk

by MIKE LUPICA

## GONE WITH THE GREASY KID STUFF— NOWADAYS GAYLORD SPORTS A WIG

The best bald pitcher in the American League was using a blow dryer for the first time and wondering what the regulars at the Gurkin Country Store in Williamson, N.C., were going to think. Because the next time the best bald pitcher in the American League—Gaylord Perry—saw his buddies at the Gurkin after a day of plowin' and plantin' and fertilizin' at his Williamson spread, he wasn't going to be bald any more.

"But look at it this way," Perry said as he sat having new hair woven into his old at Boston's Hair Replacement Center (1238 Boylston Street). "It's been almost a month since Calfish signed. The people down home like a little somethin' to gossip about." Gaylord figured that new hair would be good gossip in Williamson.

The Perry replacement was also good fun in Boston. The owner of the Hair Replacement Center, Bruce Davis, took out ads in the newspapers through the week announcing Perry's "weave," and inviting the public to sip free cocktails and watch. A local television station covered the event. Davis' assistants walked around tending hair and asking if anyone present might need a "consultation." "You never know where you might find business," Davis said. And as things turned out, he has tripled his business because of the promotion.

Perry was in town to attend a baseball writers' dinner, and it was there that he intended to display his new look first. He was asked if he was receiving any award at the dinner. "How about 'Most Improved Looker of the Year'?" Gaylord said. He kept fondling his new hairpiece as he talked, getting accustomed to it, making sure it was tight enough. His particular model is known in the business as a "unit," and is a combination of human hair and synthetic fiber. It never comes off, and only has to be tightened every six or eight weeks.

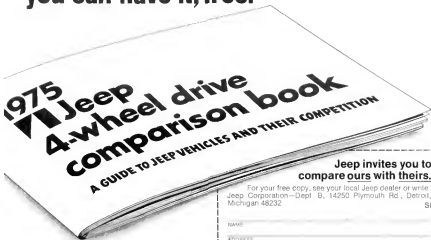
"This baby better be tight by spring training," Perry said. "Cause I think there's gonna be some clutchin' and grabbin' goin'

on. But, shoot, they can do that all they want. This is gonna be the first time in 15 years that I could have my picture taken at spring training with my hat off."

Perry got his unit for free, but it would normally cost \$750-\$1,500; a tightening goes for \$35. There's no surgery involved as there would be with a transplant or implant. The synthetic hair is woven from large spools into the hair at the side of a bald man's head, and looks like a crown. Then a huge wig is woven into that and cut, washed, dried, styled. The whole process takes about two hours. In two hours Gaylord got back what he'd lost all those years before. "I started losin' my hair back in Corpus Christi in the Texas League about 1959," he recalled. "I was 10-11 that year and hangin' a lot of curveballs."

Perry, who joins a number of other major league hallplayers (Dave McNally, Ron Blumberg, Richie Schenblum, Gene Tenace) who have weaves, was asked if his wife Blanche had made the trip to Boston with him. "She didn't have the nerve," Gaylord explained. "But if I walk into the house tomorrow and she calls me a different name, things might get interestin'." And the gossip would be even better at the Gurkin. **END**

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# SCORECARD

Edited by ANDREW CRICHTON

## FAULTY

Ever since Jimmy Connors earned tennis' top ranking, he has found it convenient to take "sick" whenever it suits his fancy, and too often tournament directors have kowtowed to him. At Forest Hills, for example, he was permitted to have a day's extra rest to recover before the tournament began. Then in December, his tooth problems, which were real enough, became near fatal just before the Grand Prix final, which he wanted to avoid.

Two weeks ago at a tournament in Florida, both Connors and his buddy Ilie Nastase were stricken at the same time, conveniently for Connors on a day when old flame Chris Evert dropped by to socialize. The schedule was hastily changed to let Sir James recuperate. Last week at a tournament in Ridgefield, Conn., a veritable epidemic swept through town—perhaps the other players saw what being sick could do for them. Without any warning, Connors and Nastase turned wan and feeble, and were joined in their death throes by Vitas Gerulaitis.

It is possible, though not probable, that for the players at the top, exhibitions and heavyweight bouts of the sort that will pit Connors against John Newcombe in Las Vegas on April 26 are the wave of the future. However, this does not free them from their present commitments. Ticket buyers and sponsors on the Independent Players Association tour are getting as ill as the phanting phantoms, with better reason.

## AW, COME ON GUYS

After studying tapes of the Super Bowl telecast, Communications Professor Dr. Michael Real of the University of California at San Diego announced that about 3% of the four-hour show covered actual play, 39% commentary and entertainment, 22% game commentary, 21% pre- and post-game coverage and 15% commercials. He added, in the arcane way that got to Pittsburgh's Joe Greene (S.I., Feb. 17): "In the classical manner

of mythical beliefs and ritual activities, the Super Bowl is a communal celebration of an indoctrination into specific specially dominant emotions, life styles and values."

We are not sure what that means, but Dr. Real is a model of brevity and incisiveness next to a French gym teacher, Jean-Marie Brohm, dug up by the London *Sunday Times*. Said J-M: "Sport is an armoured apparatus for coercion, an instrument of bourgeois hegemony in the Gramscian sense dominated by a phallogocratic and fascist ideology of virility. It is mechanization of the body conceived as a robot ruled by the principle of productivity!"

## UPDATE ON GOD'S LITTLE ACRE

Those intrepid agronomists from Purdue who reinvented grass (SCORECARD, July 22, 1974) are back after a season of watching it grow on the floor of Ross-Ade Stadium. Their report is sanguine. To refresh your memories, Professor William H. Daniel and Mel Robey, superintendent of athletic facilities, have a system for growing grass that they call PAT (for Prescription Athletic Turf). It employs a plastic sheet, drainage pipes, suction pumps, sand, an electric heating blanket and Warren's A-20 bluegrass, and it is their answer to the artificial rug.

This past fall the PAT of Purdue survived eight football games, long practices and a 350-member All American Marching Band without visible wear. Despite heavy downpours that ended shortly before two of the games, the field was dry, the footing firm. Never were more than three or four divots dug out of the turf.

Except for fertilizer and the electric bill, the only maintenance costs were for mowing. Visiting coaches, Robey says, liked the flat surface—with the drainage network, no crown is required, as on all other fields—the players liked its softness and the fact that it did not burn when they skidded on their elbows. It also did not develop the intense heat that rugs do on steamy days. Nobody seemed to think it

had any effect on injury rates one way or the other.

PAT has been installed at four colleges, including Mississippi State, and two high schools, but its developers think it would best suit stadiums where pro teams play so the field can get periodic rest. Unlike the other spread, PAT cannot take a steady, year-around beating. R-I-K in Washington, Mile High in Denver and the New Jersey Sports Authority are showing interest.

## DOWN, BOA

Captain is one of your standard fun-loving 17-foot-long pythons who can take anything except being constricted. One day not long ago he was riding in a barrel in the back seat of a car on the highway between Bakersfield and Porterfield, Calif., when he decided that there was nothing that would delight him more than joining his keeper, Al Robbins, up



front. He slithered out of the barrel and nuzzled Robbins' neck.

A herpetologist who travels around California producing educational shows at schools, Robbins ordinarily can live with such shows of affection, but he was carrying cages of other snakes, some of them rattlers, and realized it would be too much of a good thing if Captain somehow released the rascals. He stopped the car and tried to wrestle his 120-pound admirer back into the barrel. No go. Some motorists stopped, but instead of coming to Robbins' aid, dashed off when they saw what the problem was.

It was then that Robbins had his bright idea about how to get help. He jumped into the car and gunned it. He was up to

*continued*

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### SCORECARD *continued*

75 mph and fending off Captain's amorous squeezes when the expected happened. A highway patrolman pulled him over. But when he saw what was going on he did what any sensible cop would do—hastily scribbled a ticket and va-moosed. Robbins finally got Captain put away with the assistance of students at the school he was visiting.

After his lecture Robbins and Captain had their day in court. When Judge Richard Thompson of Porterville got a glimpse of Captain he said quickly, "That's evidence enough. Case dismissed."

### FIZZ ED

Lynyrd Skynyrd, the hot rock group, got its name from Leonard Skinner, former physical education instructor at a Jacksonville (Fla.) high school. When the long-haired musicians entered his class, he chased them off to the dean.

If Skinner ever wants another job in athletics, he might look into the Kansas State High School Activities Association. Couple of soul mates there. After Genesco High ended the basketball season unbeaten in conference play, a booster took a bottle of champagne—5—to the locker room and the principal and a member of the local school board knew, all about it! The booster poured the contents over the coaches' heads? Coming down hard, the association fined Genesco \$500 and put the school on probation for three years. What would have happened if anybody had drunk the stuff?

### OF BASSING FANCY

More of this country's 60-or-so million freshwater anglers fish for bass than for any other species, yet until a few weeks ago, when some of the most serious of them met in Tulsa, there had never been a national symposium to review the management and conservation of bass. Considering a few of the revelations of the attending scientists—including a Florida biologist named Gray Biss, it was high time they did.

Dr. John Ramsey of Alabama announced that in addition to the six known species of bass—largemouth and smallmouth, spotted, Guadalupe, redeye and Suwannee—there was a seventh, the sheal, found in Florida's Appalachian-River system.

A number of the biologists discussed the spaghetti-like protuberances from the small intestine of the Florida large-

mouth, which are called pyloric caeca and are believed to have a protein-absorbing function. Northern largemouth have fewer tips on their caeca. Does this account for the larger size of the Florida strain? It remains to be seen.

But the most exciting, or frightening, news came from Dr. William Childers of Illinois. He succeeded where all others previously had failed, in interbreeding largemouth and smallmouth bass, albeit under laboratory conditions. He raised three generations of the fish in ponds and reports they were fighters. They attacked and bit swimmers and were positively brutal to one woman who happened to be wearing a brightly flowered bathing suit. Leaping out of the water to strike her in the head and chest, they finally knocked her down and chased her from the pond. Childers promises caution. The attacks are no joke, and "backcrossing," he said, "could cause genetic damage to either species."

### RECRUITING BLUES

In the recruitment of college athletes, there always seem to be two sides to the question. Several excellent examples surfaced recently.

Last fall, Barry Switzer, whose Oklahoma football team was on probation for recruiting violations, suggested that coaches be required to take lie-detector tests. He said he and his assistants would be glad to do so. Texas Coach Darrell Royal, who not long ago told reporters that the cheating in college football was "worse than I've ever seen it," thought Switzer's idea excellent. So did the South-west Conference, of which Texas is a member but Oklahoma is not—and it introduced a polygraph rule requiring athletes, their parents, coaches and alumni to submit to lie tests when a recruiting violation was suspected. The result, in Texas, where football players are considered the next-greatest natural resource to oil, Oklahoma outrecruited all SWC teams. The Sooners, who in 1974 listed 38 Texans on their roster, signed 16 more, a majority of them on the most-wanted list. There is a strong move now in the SWC to abolish the new polygraph rule.

Greg Murphy, who claims to have received 132 offers as a high school linebacker in Brooklyn, winnowed the number to 30, then signed letters of intent with USC, Michigan and Notre Dame—and enrolled at Penn State. Michigan's Bo Schmeckler cursed him out, Murphy

*continues*



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## SCORECARD continued

says, and "Ara Parseghian told me it was things like this that caused him to lose faith in the younger generation."

No doubt they do, but there are plenty of parents whose sons have been pursued through the cellar and out the attic window, who wonder if the coaches aren't to blame. The pressure they put on the athletes could scramble anybody's mind. Take Russell Davis III of Woodbridge, Va. He scored 26 touchdowns last season and rushed for 2,021 yards, but that isn't the half of it. A 6'2", 215-pounder, he high-jumped 6'9", ran the 100 in 9.9 and was all-regional in basketball. While coaches slavered and Davis reduced his choices to USC, Michigan, Alabama, Tennessee, Maryland, North Carolina and Georgia Tech, Davis' family spent a frantic year answering phone and door bells. "It was hell," reported his father after Davis chose Michigan. "We lived like a telephone company, not a home." Said his mother: "It is not an experience I would wish on anyone."

The sentiments, precisely, of Mrs. Sadie Sims, grandmother and guardian of Betty Sims, the Texan everybody wanted most. Oklahoma, for sure, got him, but Mrs. Sims is not sure what the school got. "He's on the verge of a nervous breakdown," she said. "Those coaches just wouldn't leave him alone. They have pressured him to the point he would give up football in a minute."

### THEY SAID IT

- Tacky Burden, Utah guard, asked what he would do with all the money he might get from professional basketball: "Live on it, drive it, wear it and eat it."
- John McKay, on confidence: "When I was duck hunting with Bear Bryant, he shot at one but it kept flying. 'John,' he said, 'there lies a dead duck.' That's confidence."
- Thom Clifford, University of Florida running back who did not play much, accepting a trophy for the highest academic record on the team: "I'm especially grateful to Coach Dickey for giving me so much time to study during the games."
- Brenda Savage, member of the LeSueur (Minn.) High School basketball team: "We tried saying chick-to-chick instead of man-to-man, but it just didn't work."
- Jack Schulte, Arkansas basketball center, asked why he avoided a fight with an opponent: "I have developed a great respect for my teeth."

END



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# FLOAT LIKE A BUTTERFLY...

Adopting the run-and-hit style of another champion, Dennis Conner & Co. gave the *Slinger* to the finest SORC fleet **by CARLETON MITCHELL**

As the fleet slammed its way last week to the starting line of the Miami to Nassau race, the culminating distance event of the Southern Ocean Racing Conference, the scene was oddly reminiscent of last year. In a sport with as many variables as ocean racing, history isn't supposed to repeat. Yet inshore dark clouds were beginning to silhouette the white cubes of the Miami Beach skyline, while the yellow-orange-red foul-weather gear of crews manning wind-weather rails formed bright blobs against the rolled green water of the shallows.

Offshore, Gulf Stream rollers awaited, built by two days of fresh southerly winds. Again small craft were being advised by the meteorologists to "remain in protected waters," as another strong cold front with its squalls and northerly shaft was on the way. Thus once more it looked as if the road to paradise—even Paradise Island—would be strewn with almost Biblical difficulties.

With the two o'clock gun, the big speedsters of Class A took off in 25 knots of wind, Jim Kilroy's new 79-foot Sparkman and Stephens ketch, *Kafoa III*, opening out like a mechanical rabbit in front of greyhounds. She had finished first in each of the circuit's preceding four events, setting new course records in

three. Now she was racing not so much against the fleet dwindling astern as against the clock—driving to better the record time of 15 hours, 52 minutes, 17 seconds posted in 1969 by the fabled *Windward Passage*. But the attention of the spectator fleet that braved the elements was again focused on a group of small yachts starting 40 minutes later—the One Tonners, now racing as a separate 13-boat class with identical handicap ratings of 27.5. As last year, a Tonner was leading in points counting toward the SORC championship. If anything, the class was hotter than ever, even though the archrivals of yesteryear, Ted Turner and Ted Hood, had moved up to Classes B and C, respectively, both with eyes on a summer campaign including the Admiral's Cup team in British waters, for which One Tonners are not eligible.

But if the cast of characters and their vessels had changed somewhat, the quality of the competition had not. Dennis Conner was back, sharpened by his role as starting helmsman of *Courageous* in the America's Cup matches, skippering *Slinger*, a souped-up version of the 1974

continued

Proving that less can be most, *Slinger's* talented crew presses on under spinnaker.





world champion, *Gambetta*, itself a development of Doug Peterson's '73 breakthrough design *Gambare*. As though one such flyer was not enough, there were two virtual sister ships, *Country Woman* and *Inflation*, along with the new *Boatlegger*, *Crocodile* and *Foodie*, a radical twin-bilgeboard design by Ted Irwin. Individually and collectively, the One Tonners were once more the boats everyone had to beat to win overall.

As successive classes entered the Gulf Stream at 10-minute intervals the point of sailing was almost identical to that of the previous year but on opposite tracks. Then the first stage of a double front had already gone through, so the wind was northerly: now it was southerly, blowing with the current, making for longer but less confused seas. Nev-

ertheless, the hardy skippers opting for spinnakers on the beam reach to Great Isaac Light, the first turning mark in the Bahamas, fared as before: wild sheers, cataracts of white water along lee decks, spinnakers "breaking" in thunderous crashes under the pressure of winds so strong that helmsmen could not maintain control. Minor disasters were not long arriving. The ketch *Southerly* bucked out into the Gulf Stream like a bronco trying to dislodge the crewman making repairs at the top of the mizzenmast. Later, loss of rudder control caused a flying jibe which almost cost *J* and *B* her rig. *Terrorist* lay dead in the water for half an hour without sails while three forward halyards were removed. Uncounted light sails were casualties, but this year the race committee made sure there would be no

repeat of the near disaster in the 1974 event when boats taking an illegal shortcut behind the rocky islets beyond Great Isaac had contributed to the wreck and sinking of *Wimwam*. Two Bahamas police vessels equipped with radar and searchlights patrolled the forbidden area to discourage any yacht from venturing through.

Yet tragedy in another form was averted only by quick crew action. At 0525 EST the Class C sloop *Westwind*, some 13 miles southeast of Great Stirrup Cay, had made a jibe under difficult conditions. The navigator noted in the log, "Boat gyrating violently." Main boom and spinnaker pole were dipping alternately into the overtaking crests as *Westwind* rolled. Suddenly at 0533 sounded the seaman's most dreaded alarm, a shouted "Man overboard!" The owner and skipper, Clarence P. Crobaugh, standing up the better to wrestle the wheel, had been catapulted out of the shallow aft cockpit by an especially deep lurch. Two strobe lights attached to horseshoe life rings were thrown over. The spinnaker sheet and guy were cast off to allow the sail to flap like a flag from the masthead, and the engine was started. Main- and staysail were dropped on the run and *Westwind* turned to the reciprocal of her course. No time was wasted, yet it was 22 minutes before Crobaugh could be brought alongside and hauled aboard—an eternity in black water on a black night.

"My first thought on coming to the surface was wondering who would take the helm," he said later. "Then it became a struggle to get to one of the life rings. I never realized how exhausting it would be to swim in clothes and oilskins. It seemed a long way and when I made it I didn't have the strength to get to the whistle in the life ring pocket. I just hung on and watched the lights of *Westwind* get closer, with a lot of thankfulness for a capable crew."

Even before the start it was obvious this would be a fast race, perhaps the fastest on record. Carrying a double head-rig and a "slatsail"—a tall, narrow mizzen staysail—*Kialoa III* roared across the Gulf Stream to Great Isaac at an average speed of 12.41 knots and on to Great Stirrup at a barely diminished pace. With 125 miles astern and 55 remaining to Nassau, she needed an average of only 8.83 knots to break *Passage's* record, but the front did not arrive in time to pro-

PHOTOGRAPH BY ERIC SCHWENKST



Big and beautiful. *Kialoa III* finished first in every race but could not hold off the small fry.

vide a final burst. As the northwest wind moved in from astern it benefited boats almost in inverse ratio to their size and rating, and the One Tonners were making the most of their opportunity. *Stinger* led *Country Woman* and *Inflation* by a narrow margin at Isaac *Inflation*, sailed by a crew of "out-islanders"—not Bahamians but from Hawaii—had lost five minutes at the start by being over early and missing the recall, so had to play catch-up all across the Stream. From there on it was a three-boat race.

Working to a game plan based on the arrival of the front, Bob Barton on *Country Woman* anticipated the shift some 15 miles east of Isaac and forged ahead by being the first to set a spinnaker to the new wester. *Stinger* gained back the lead by standing farther onto the Great Bahama Bank and crossed a boat length ahead before reaching Stirrup. *Inflation* closed in, so for a while the three sailed abreast, first one then another surging to the front. Although *Stinger* led around Stirrup, Bob Barton worked *Country Woman* to the inside along the tricky Berry Islands shore, skimming the beach closer than Conner cared to follow. Leading on points in the SORC, with only defending champion Hood close enough to be a threat unless *Stinger* came to grief, Dennis felt, "We were doing too well to take a chance." Gradually *Country Woman* opened out on successive jibes—50 yards, 60 yards, then spurted when *Stinger* blew out her 1.5-ounce spinnaker 10 miles from Nassau, for a lead at the finish line of two minutes, 20 seconds. *Inflation* was third and the 1-2-3 order among the One Tonners represented 1-2-3 in overall fleet honors as well.

"There couldn't have been a better weather pattern for the little boats," exclaimed Greg Gillette of *Inflation* on coming ashore. Class E began a downhill spinnaker sleighride close to Isaac, the Tonners were favored by the new wind not long after, and then came the turns of Classes D, C, B—beyond Stirrup and finally, nearing Nassau, A. *Kialoa III's* speed kept her ahead of the front the whole way; for her the shift came after she was docked in Nassau. Adding insult to injury, on corrected time the first boat to finish dropped to 88th in fleet—dead last. Only the still smaller boats of Class E shared the top spots with the Tonners as *Hot Foot*, a seven-year-old Gurney design, took fourth overall.

If the Miami-Nassau race seemed



*Stinger* skipper Conner, designer Peterson

made to order for the smaller fry, it was no more so than the longest distance event of the circuit—the earlier 403-mile bash "around the Horn" from St. Petersburg to Fort Lauderdale. Again starting in southerlies with a cold front on the way, the fleet had a beat from Tampa Bay through the Gulf of Mexico to the turning point at the tip of the Florida peninsula (Rebecca Shoal), then ran north in the Gulf Stream until near Alligator Reef, where a band of calm preceding the oncoming front trapped the leaders while tailenders were wafted up on the last of the southerly.

The fleet came together like a squeezed accordion. *Stinger*, which had opened a wide lead among the Tonners, found herself in a near tuffing match with *Boatlegger* and *Country Woman*, but after the front brought a strong nor'northwester it was a windward thrash to the finish. With her position pinpointed by Omega electronic navigation, *Stinger* profited from Stream current to the last moment and the One Tonners made it almost an overkill, taking six of the first 10 positions in fleet. *Stinger* was followed by *Country Woman* and *Inflation*.

Although the drama of Davids vs. Goliaths dominated the two longest races of the circuit, which not only grab the headlines but also count most in points toward the championship, the fleet was the finest ever to assemble, making up in quality for an average drop of some 20 starters from last year. When northers did not arrive at crucial moments to break the weather pattern of the mildest

and most serene Florida winter in memory, other classes held their own against the Tonners. The leadoff event, St. Petersburg to Anclote Key, went to *Leading Edge*, rating in Class C and designed by Hood for Canada- or World Two-Ton-Cup competition. Second was Class A *Gusto*; third, Hood, sailing the latest *Rubie*, almost a sister ship of the winner. The Ocean Triangle race saw Turner on top with *Tenacious*, a Class B sloop, and the short Lipton Cup race off Miami was also won by Turner.

The consistency of the top skippers in other classes showed they were doing the best they could with what they had—and would have done better had there been no upsets in the trade-wind pattern. Going into Friday's final Nassau Cup race, Turner had five straight firsts in Class B and Hood was four of five in C.

Yet the success of the One Tonners cannot be credited solely to streaks of weather. As Dennis Conner explains, "When you are racing level, boat for boat, and know you have to beat another boat over the line or be beaten, you're working harder all the time. You see at once the results of everything you do. You're closer to 100% efficiency. Also, there has been more concentration on One Tonners by top designers in the past few years than on any other class."

Results of the Nassau Cup race were not known until 24 hours after the finish, for the discovery that the windward mark was not in place required recalculation of the handicaps. In travel-poster conditions of blue sky and bluer sea, *Kialoa III* scored a triple first on the two-way reach, not only again finishing first but finally saving her time on class and fleet. *Stinger*, *Tenacious* and *Rubie* once more topped their classes, which for each clanked class supremacy in the circuit. Other overall winners were Bob Dierckx's *Sally Goose* in A, *Moody Blue* in D and the Class E *Fortune Hunter*.

*Stinger* had gone into the windup event with such a lead in points that the only way Conner could have lost the SORC championship would have been to hit a reef or break a mast; instead, he led the Tonners around the course by a wide margin and was a close third to *Tenacious* in fleet. *Inflation's* second in class and 10th overall was good enough to ensure her Hawaiian crew a second in the SORC standings, with *Boatlegger* third, repeating last year's sweep for the Tonners, still the hottest class afloat. **END**



Erving tests the chill against Kentucky as Arlo Gilmore and Wilbert Jones sandwich him.

## THEIR DOCTOR WAS OFF DUTY

*The Nets wanted a booster shot, but the prescription went unfilled as their main man developed a case of cold hands* **by BARRY McDERMOTT**

The New York Nets have a doomsday weapon called the Dr. Dunk. Their coach chews gum and cheers at the same time and looks kind of cute. The roster is loaded with players who grab headlines as readily as rebounds. Through judicious management, aggressive leadership and a lot of money, the Nets have assembled an exciting team in the last couple of years, with plenty of *free, pizza* and a serving of *razmatazz*. Watching it is like watching your first magic show. You get the feeling something is about to happen, but you never know what.

The Nets lead the league in enchantment and in the exuberance that is common to the young and gifted. And, like many kids, when they are good they are very, very good and when they are bad

they are horrid. Where they are bad is usually on the road.

Last week, for example, they dropped three away games, causing Coach Kevin Loughery to swallow his chaw of Doubtment. At home, the Nets have lost only four games so far this season, which is why they have been in or around first place in the ABA's Eastern Division.

This was supposed to be the week these defending champions all but clinched the division title, allowing them to relax for a month of reading stock reports and endorsing hair transplants while awaiting the playoffs. Instead, New York wound up folded by Utah, spindled by Denver and finally mutilated by Kentucky. They began the week 2½ games ahead of the Kentucky Colonels and wound up dead even with them. "It's been a negative

week," said Julius Erving in Louisville Saturday night.

Part of the problem was that Center Billy Paultz's back went snap, crackle and pop every time he moved. Also, Guard Brian Taylor had some sore knuckles and, though Loughery kept praying, the bench was about as effective as mail-order religion.

The Nets have had nightmares before. They lost nine straight near the beginning of last season before they woke up screaming and moved a young guard by the name of John Williamson into the lineup. That was Loughery's first year and after his teeth stopped chattering he guided the team to the division title and a sweep of the playoffs in which the Nets won 12 of 14 games.

At times last week even Erving seemed sluggish, as if he were wearing too many clothes. He scored only 14 points while Denver plastered New York with a 34-point defeat, then came back on tired knees and had but 15 against Kentucky. Dr. J was Dr. No.

The team centers around Erving. His nickname could be "Doughnut," since he was made to dunk. An Erving dunk is the most exciting play extant, the Doctor soaring high and free and slamming the ball down with a flourish.

Erving leads the club in nearly everything but broken promises and drives sportswriters to despair as they strive to compose a lead paragraph that does not mention his name. But the rest of the players hasten to point out that the team could not win 10 straight games, as it did in late November and December, or take 26 out of 33 during one stretch, if it were a one-man team. In fact, listening to everyone moan about his identity crisis, you almost expect the team trainer to be Sigmund Freud.

"Sometimes I watch Julius do something that I know I'll never see again on a basketball floor," says Brian Taylor. "He's a legend in his own time, but there are a lot of good players on this ball club. Julius happens to be the greatest. Look at the championship teams of the past. Each one has had an identity. That is what we are trying to establish."

The franchise also is striving to establish its name. The Nets are situated in Nassau County, an hour away from Times Square. They are out to woo



Knuck fans and didn't hurt that effort by hiring Dave DeBusschere as vice-president and general manager. "I know we have a better team than the Knicks," says Forward Larry Kenon. "But you know it's kind of hard fighting tradition."

No matter how many championships his teams win, Kevin Loughery never will be another Red Holzman. Where once pro basketball coaches seemed to be irascible men who smoked cigars, now there is a movement to the child instructor. "Communication" is the password, and people like Denver's Larry Brown, Utah's Tom Nissalike, Kentucky's Hubie Brown and Loughery have the gift. Loughery is two weeks shy of 35, disdains neckties and flaunts his shirt collars. During games he paces the sidelines, crawls around on his knees, wears down his teeth chewing gum and keeps heckling the referees. "I know I'm a pain," he shrugs, flashing an impish grin.

Against Utah on Monday night, Loughery was hit with a costly technical foul at the end of the game. It was the finale to a debacle that saw Larry Kenon miss a dunk shot and Erving turn the ball over twice, three in a series of errors committed in the waning minutes. Loughery was penitent in a heart-to-heart with team Captain Bill Melchionni and Erving the following day. A few weeks ago when he was thrown out of a game against Denver, he apologized to the team publicly. That's communication.

Against Utah, both Paulitz and Taylor were sidelined with injuries similar to those that shelved them for parts of last season. Taylor is the team's best defensive player. He has hands that could take the wallet out of a gnat's pocket and leads the league in steals. Without Taylor and Paulitz the Nets throw up a "no-name" defense. "Defense is the name of the game for us," Taylor says dolefully. "Even with our offensive ability, we've been winning on the defensive end."

The Nets traveled to Denver to find that the game was sold out and desperate fans were telephoning the Nuggets' office offering up to \$50 for a ticket. The people who could not get in missed a good show. The Nuggets went through New York like a virus. In the third quarter, Denver scored 13 field goals and nine of them were lay-ins. Loughery was so frustrated that he yanked his starters

midway in the period and left them on the bench the rest of the way.

Paulitz played against Denver until his back tightened but he was in the lineup again on Friday night when the Nets dropped by the Nassau Coliseum for a game with St. Louis. Taylor, who had been hoping to rest and avoid further damage to his jammed fingers, decided he ought to get back in, too, and the result was a 117-110 Nets' victory with Erving scoring 30 points and Kenon and Paulitz each getting 20. "We still didn't blow them out," said Taylor afterward. "We have to be concerned."

This is Taylor's third year and he is the team's emerging leader. "Julius sort of leads by his actions," says Taylor. "And Mel is our old, wise owl. I like to think I will be able to lead in the future."

In the Net housecleaning before last season, one of the players kept on was Melchionni. He had played two years in the NBA but in 1968 had refused to report to Phoenix in the expansion draft because he was only making \$12,000 a year and the Suns would not pay his moving expenses. He retired, sat out a year, then joined the Nets in 1969. Even though he is only 30, Mel is the sage on a team whose starting lineup averages 24 years. "We're young," says Mel, "and that's why we sometimes have periods of

poor play, like a week at a time. We tend to revert back to our playground games. When we learn not to, we'll be great."

Earlier in the week, Loughery had reflected on coaching. "I love to compete," he said. "The thrill of the big games, when everybody's up, when it's on the line, that's the fun. That's what it's all about." And the Kentucky game on Saturday night would be a big one. New York came to Louisville with its lead over the Colonels shrunk to one game. Both teams had helium in their hearts.

New York's defense was resolute enough, but with Erving suffering one of his rare off nights, the team needed offensive help. Unfortunately, it was an evening when everyone's fingertips turned cold. Only Melchionni, with six of eight field goals, could shake that icy feeling and the Colonels won, 95-84. Listening to Loughery, you would have thought differently.

"I really liked the game," he said. "I didn't like the end result, but I liked the way we played defense and hustled."

And so with a month to go, and four more games with Kentucky, the Nets are going to have to work. They meandered at times last year but recovered splendidly. If it happens again, they may look back at last week and say: "Thanks, I needed that."

END



In a more benign atmosphere against St. Louis, the Doctor was his larriest self, with 35 points.

# PLEASURE BOUND FOR KENTUCKY

*Will Foolish Pleasure go to Churchill Downs undefeated? Will he be unbeaten after the Derby? Is he a Triple Crown colt? After last Saturday's Flamingo, yes is a reasonable answer to all those questions* by WHITNEY TOWER

Probably no winter horse race for maturing 3-year-olds who have their eyes on the Kentucky Derby carries more prestige than the Flamingo Stakes at Hialeah. Not only is it rich (\$100,000 added) but its mile-and-an-eighth distance tests the youngsters and shows which of them have the speed and stamina demanded by the Derby's mile and a quarter. It is no surprise then that the roster of Flamingo winners is an impressive one, glittering with such names as Citation, Nashua, Bold Ruler, Tim Tam, Carry Back, Northern Dancer and Buckpasser.

But until last Saturday's 46th Flamingo no winner of this key race had ever had an undefeated record at this point in his career. This means, of course, that John L. Greer's Foolish Pleasure is a very special colt indeed. He has won all nine of his starts, and his performance in the Flamingo indicates that he is more than likely to keep his streak going. True, at the end of the race he did seem a bit tired and was being slowly overtaken by the

16-to-1 shot Prince Thou Art. This led some to conclude that Prince Thou Art might be better Triple Crown material. Foolish Pleasure's trainer, LeRoy Jolley, disagreed. "The Flamingo was only his second race in 146 days," he said. "It was his first time ever around two turns, and he always has had a habit of pulling himself up when he takes the lead. Considering all that, I've got to conclude that his race was impressive, every bit as impressive as I had hoped it would be."

It was also a race that unfolded, Jolley said, "just about the way we figured it would, off the past performances. We knew there would be plenty of early speed. I told my rider, Jacinto Vasquez, to take back off the pace, take his time before making his move. And he did. Vasquez rode the colt perfectly, as he always has."

The pace was set by Asctetic, winner of the Everglades Stakes a few weeks earlier, closely followed by Penny Tweedy's Somethingfabulous, a half brother to Secretariat, whose name just gets under

racings' 18-letter maximum. Vasquez, who complained later that he had been jammed a bit going into the first turn, steadied the odds-on favorite in the middle of the 10-horse field on the backstretch. Asctetic led through a mile and then retired, but Somethingfabulous took over and held on a while longer. The Canadian colt, L'Enjoleur, the 4-to-1 second choice, was going well and had moved up to third, and for a moment on the far turn it seemed that he and Foolish Pleasure, who was coming on, would duel down the stretch by themselves.

But this was not L'Enjoleur's day, or perhaps it was simply that Canada's Horse of the Year in 1974 was in the wrong company. Vasquez rolled Foolish Pleasure past everything and opened up a two-length lead. Prince Thou Art, who had been last in the backstretch, put on his strong finish but still ended up a length and three quarters behind. Somethingfabulous was third, Sylvan Place fourth, Hunika Papa fifth and the tiring

*Jockey Vasquez (white cap, on rail) kept the victor in the middle of the pack in the early going, did not move him into the lead until the stretch.*



L'Enjoleur a disappointing sixth. Asctetic ended up ninth, behind everything except Top Horn, who had seemed so much of a threat that he was sent postward at odds of 174 to 1.

And so the 27,983 people at the track and millions watching on television saw what Trainer Jolley and Owner Greer have to play with. The two men seem an almost perfect combination to be burdened with the pressure of having the Derby favorite in their care. Both are naturally optimistic men, yet both look realistically to the future. Greer, a 76-year-old native of Knoxville, where he is a baking company executive, said before the Flamingo, "I know this colt is going to get beat some day. They all do, you know. When it happens it won't kill me. I've had disappointments before. I've had horses of mine get beat after going off at odds of one to five. But I've had a lot of fun, too."

Some of the fun—and a lot of the disappointment—came from a big, handsome, headstrong colt named Ridan, who would have won the 1962 Flamingo if Sunrise County, running wide coming out of the stretch turn, had not tried to herd him into the grandstand. Greer was a one-third owner of Ridan, and Jolley's father Moody trained him. The colt was difficult to handle. Bill Hartack rode him for a while, then Manuel Yeaza gave it a whirl. Ridan was an even-money favorite to win the Kentucky Derby that



A well-mannered colt, varietal Foolish Pleasure has won seven stakes at six different tracks.

spring but ran third to Decidedly. A couple of weeks later he might have won the Preakness in a photo finish had not Yeaza decided to make his elbow a permanent part of John Rotz's midsection. Rotz was aboard Greek Money, and they got under the wire first. Three months later, in the Travers at Saratoga, Ridan went head and head for the full mile and a quarter with Jaipur and lost by a nose in what veteran Trainer Max Hirsch called the greatest horse race he had ever seen.

Fun and disappointment. LeRoy Jolley, working with his father, was a keen observer of all the Ridan episodes. He is grateful now, to say the least, that Foolish Pleasure, a heavy-bodied son of What a Pleasure and the Tom Fool mare Foul-Me-Not, is no Ridan type, not at all difficult to train. "You don't have to struggle with this one," he said one morning last week while watching his big bay colt cool out after a work. "All the sons of What a Pleasure are workable. Of course, with an undefeated colt there is no let-up on pressure. You can't afford a sloppy performance. And you never know how your horse will face up to a major challenge. But I think we're doing the right thing with him. We didn't drain him at two, and he's matured just about right."

Foolish Pleasure's path to Kentucky and the first Saturday in May is still being plotted. There is not much concern

about how he will handle an unfamiliar racetrack; his victories last year came at six different tracks. For his next start, he most likely will carry his \$375,335 bankroll a few miles up the south Florida coastline to Gulfstream for the March 29 Florida Derby. After that he will go either to New York for the Wood Memorial on April 19 or to Keeneland in Lexington, Ky. for the Blue Grass Stakes on April 24. Jolley says, "Sticking to equal-weight races like the Wood, where all entries carry the same 126 pounds, means you are giving away as little advantage as possible. If we go to Keeneland instead, I think we'd have to carry 126 in the Blue Grass and give away as much as 12 pounds to some of the others. But Keeneland usually has better weather in April than New York, and it's a shorter ship from there to Louisville for the Derby. We'll have to think about it for a while."

In any case, Jolley and Greer obviously have the horse to beat. He has the speed to get position early, the punch to get to his rivals late; he goes off slow and finishes fast. The only question seems to be whether he will be able to handle the added furlong in the Derby. "I don't know if it will bother him or not," said a smiling Jolley after the Flamingo, "or whether it will help some of the others. But when you're 9 for 9, it doesn't seem to matter much. It's just the next challenge along the way."

2ND



# LONG COUNTDOWN TO AUGUSTA

*Ten unsettling months have elapsed since Lee Elder became the first black to qualify for the Masters*

by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

A Detroit *News* photographer was shadowing him on the golf course, the Los Angeles *Times*' Jim Murray was around somewhere and Lee Elder was trying to accommodate everybody. Walking the 10th fairway, Elder found himself matching strides with a sporting-goods executive who was urging him to endorse a new driver. When Elder slipped away for a moment, the fellow whispered, "You can get a lot of mileage out of Lee right now. A lot of mileage."

As the afternoon wore on, the distractions began taking their toll. Lee Elder was playing in a pro-am tournament at Los Angeles' Bel-Air Country Club, hardly a blue-chip event. But no self-respecting pro could be happy about the four-foot putt Elder blew on one hole or the three-footer that refused to fall a mo-



ment later. Other calamities followed and after struggling to a four-over-par 74, a dispirited Elder told his amateur partners, "I'm sorry I let you guys down." Trudging up a hill leading to the clubhouse, a cigarette dangling from his lips, Elder added, "I'll be plenty glad when all this stuff is over."

For Elder it will all be over next month. On Thursday, April 10 he finally will tee off at the Augusta National Golf Club, becoming the first black golfer ever to play in the Masters. With black athletes long since prominent in other sports, the moment may have an almost quaint, old-new-reel quality. Still, golf is basically a white man's game and Augusta is a relic of the Old South that until now found a place for blacks only as waiters and caddies. And when Robert Lee Elder, high school dropout, ex-hustler and product of the ghettos of Dallas and Los Angeles, drives down Magnolia Lane to play in the Masters, it surely will be an emotional scene.

Having already gone through many mini-scenes—more than 10 months' worth, in fact—Elder himself could scarcely be unimpressed by the occasion. After winning the Monsanto Open at Pensacola last April 21, the victory that earned him his long-sought Masters invitation, he was given the key to the city in Washington, D.C., where he has made his home for 13 years, and hardly a week went by that he was not acknowledging standing ovations at places like the National Press Club. Gerald Ford played golf with him, a distinction he shares with Jack Nicklaus, and the President was one of 1,200 well-wishers who turned out last December for a \$50-a-plate testimonial to Elder at the Washington Hilton, the proceeds going to a new Lee Elder scholarship fund.

At 40, just the age for taking stock, Elder is gracious enough to overlook the fact that Arnold Palmer fetched \$250 a plate at his testimonial last month in Los Angeles. Notwithstanding Elder's desire to have the Masters over and done with, he says feelingly, "This is the greatest thing that ever happened to me, no doubt about it. I'm excited about going to Augusta. It's a chance to spread good re-

lations between people and it's a chance for me to make some money."

But Elder is under strain. Nicknamed "Flip" by his fellow pros because he is often mistaken for comedian Flip Wilson, he is ordinarily an easygoing fellow who shrugs off talk of pressure on the PGA tour by invoking his decade on the predominantly black United Golfers' Association circuit. With a chuckle, he says, "When you check into a motel and need to win the tournament to pay the bill, man, *that's* pressure." In the months since winning the Monsanto, though, it has dawned on Elder that adulation can bring almost as many problems as adversity.

Some of the problems are physical. A casualty of the banquet circuit, the 5'8" Elder is 10 pounds overweight at 185, and this has not helped a chronic sore back. There are also signs of edginess. During the Bel-Air pro-am, Elder at one point accidentally snapped his putter in two. "Now don't anybody think that I lost my temper," he cautioned onlookers. "I thought the shaft was crooked and I was only trying to straighten it. I didn't do it on purpose." He smiled tightly, adding, "I wouldn't've liked to, but I didn't."

The pressures that Elder felt at Bel-Air have also plagued him in PGA competition. After joining the tour in 1968, a battle-hardened rookie of 33, Elder quickly established himself as the best of the handful of black pros on the circuit. He finished 30th on the money list the last two years, swelling his career winnings to \$365,320. But until last week's Jackie Gleason Inverrary Classic, he had missed the cut in four straight tournaments—and there he was 69th. His best finish this year has been a tie for 36th in the Tucson Open and his winnings for 1975 are a mere \$1,345.

Thrust suddenly onto center stage, Elder has been playing some of the worst golf of his career—and the one development is largely responsible for the other. Two weeks ago, just before missing the cut in the Los Angeles Open, Elder sat in the kitchen of the house where he was staying and said, "I had a little letdown after winning the Monsanto, and I guess that was natural. I also got away from golf a little and I've had trouble relaxing because the phone doesn't stop ringing. I appreciate the columnists and the oth-

er people calling, but it's not helping my golf game any."

Later that morning Elder was about to leave for the golf course when he discovered that an old friend who was to accompany him, a physician, had gone to the store to buy film. When the doctor returned, Elder demanded, "How would you like it if I went for film when you had an operation to perform?" Arriving at the Riviera Country Club, he found traffic backed up. Other golfers were caught in the congestion, too, but Elder seemed to take it personally.

"I'm just not going to sit here like this," he announced. Ordering the doctor to take the wheel, he bounded out of the car. Hurrying toward the clubhouse on foot, he said, "The way I'm playing I need all the practice I can get."

Ordinarily, the task of screening Elder from distractions would fall to his wife, Rose Elder is a trim, lively onetime amateur golf champion who gave up her career as an executive secretary to become her husband's business manager. The couple is childless, and Rose Elder usually travels on the tour with Lee, an arrangement that has worked out well. "I go to the racetrack," Elder likes to say, referring to one of his principal pleasures, "and Rose runs the business. I've got a good deal."

But Masters-related business was piling up at the Elders' three-story brick house in Washington, forcing Rose to miss the L.A. Open. Lee was phoning her three times a day from Los Angeles, and one call alone lasted 90 minutes. Elder is scrupulous about starting times on the golf course but otherwise, says Jim Wiechers, a fellow pro and close friend, "When you make plans with Lee, you're never sure if he'll make it or not unless you check with Rose." One day Elder accepted an invitation to dine with an old friend in San Diego, but failed to show up—or to send regrets—and he was forgetting other appointments almost as fast as he made them.

"If Rose were here, she'd take care of things like this," he said with a helpless air. "I accept all these invitations because I don't like to say no to people. The spotlight's on me now and I don't want people to think I've gotten bigheaded."

Bright as the spotlight may be, any temptation to compare Elder's appear-

*Elder won his first PGA event last April by beating Peter Oosterhuis in a playoff.*

ance at the Masters with, say, Jackie Robinson's pressure-packed debut in baseball is a risky one. The PGA had a whites-only clause as late as 1961, but today there is virtually no discrimination on the tour. The problems for blacks in golf occur at lower levels. Country clubs and college golf programs, the chief sources of talent, remain largely lily white, raising another important distinction from the Jackie Robinson precedent: Lee Elder's appearance at the Masters portends no great new influx of black golfers.

Instead, the occasional black who makes it today may have to do as Elder did—caddy and sneak shots at night with castoff clubs. Orphaned at 11—his father

was killed in Germany in World War II and his mother died soon after—Elder never played a full 18-hole round until he was 16. He nevertheless became proficient enough to support himself by hustling, agreeing to play cross-handed, for example, while neglecting to tell the pigeon that for years this was the way he gripped a club. Joining the black tour, he became a terror, in one stretch winning 21 of 23 events. But purses were seldom more than \$500 and, approached for loans, he often, in effect, redistributed his winnings among other players.

"He was a soft touch," recalls Rose Elder. "He gave away his money, and he'd still be doing it if I weren't here. At a party in Chicago, Lee once put up \$100

to run the bar, but I took back \$50 of it. The bartender was furious, but I thought \$50 was enough." Significantly, it was only after his marriage in 1967 that Elder saved enough to make the leap to the PGA. As a rookie the following year he finished in the money in his first nine outings—still a record for newcomers—and gained prominence in the nationally televised American Golf Classic by taking Jack Nicklaus to a five-hole playoff before losing.

Few touring blacks travel with their wives, and from the beginning the Elders have socialized with white couples like the Bob Murphys and the Jim Wieschenses. Still, Elder and other black players have suffered slurs from the galleries ("You should be carrying the bag, nigger") and occasional snubs from white pros. Recently one of the tour's stars asked Elder to help a large Southern university recruit its first black golfer. Afterward Elder said angrily, "Here's a guy who speaks two words to me all year and all at once my being black comes in handy. Stuff like that happens all the time."

Elder denies that he is "politically inclined," yet he is not exactly disinclined, either. In 1971, invited by Gary Player to compete in South Africa, he insisted that the clubhouse, galleries and competition be fully integrated, and his conditions were met. The trip, during which he also managed to win the Nagerun Open, came well before similar junkets by Arthur Ashe and Bob Foster. Elder says with quiet pride, "We were pioneers in South Africa and I feel I left something there for my brothers."

In the case of the Masters, what Elder confronted was something other than pure *apartheid*. In recent years, anyway, the Masters brass has never wavered in its solemn, if strict-constructionist, assurances that any black who qualified under its rules would be allowed to play. On the other hand, the Masters committee routinely invites foreigners and amateurs at its own discretion and could have integrated the tournament anytime it pleased by simply inviting, say, a black Kenyan or black amateur. At any rate, the rules it kept insisting on were forever changing: two other blacks, Charlie Sifford and Pete Brown, have won PGA events, but both victories preceded a 1972

*continued*

*Signing autographs and posing for pictures are just two distractions Elder now suffers*

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rule change that put four winners automatically into the Masters.

Had Elder found it convenient to go right out and win an event in 1972, he might have headed for the Masters with comparatively little fanfare. Instead, some near-misses—notably a wrenching playoff loss to Lee Trevino in the 1972 Greater Hartford Open—stirred things up. The following year a group of 18 Congressmen, alleging “subtle discrimination,” urged that Elder be given a special Masters invitation. Elder himself equivocated, maintaining in one breath that he wanted to get to the Masters “on my own merits,” in the next appearing to agree with the Congressmen. His situation, for sure, was frustrating. By last year’s Masters, Lee Elder had earned more money than any non-tournament winner in golf history.

All of which made it uplifting in the extreme when, playing in the Monsanto in Florida a week after the 1974 Masters, Elder sank an 18-foot birdie putt to defeat Britain’s Peter Oosterhuis in the fourth hole of sudden death. The Nicklauses, Millers and other big names had passed up the event, but it was a win for Elder just the same, and a \$30,045 one. On the phone to Rose, who had remained in Washington, Lee pressed a towel to his face to hide his tears and said, “Baby, we did it—we finally won.” Masters Chairman Clifford Roberts pronounced himself “delighted” to invite Elder, and the sigh of relief in golfdom was almost audible.

Looking back on the whole affair, Elder says with some bitterness, “The Masters has never wanted a black player and they kept changing the rules to make it harder for blacks. Everything’s fine now only because I got them off the hook by winning.” But he long ago ruled out boycotting the event by way of protest. “Some people told me, ‘Man, how can you play in the Masters after all this? Why don’t you refuse?’ But I feel I can do more good being there. As hard as I’ve tried to get there, how can I run away now?”

If Elder’s struggles before Monsanto created a certain drama, his wait since has raised it to a higher pitch. In the next month he figures to be TV-documented and newspaper-supplemented to the point where Flip Wilson may occasionally be mistaken for him. He is working on his inevitable autobiography. “We’re thinking of calling it something like ‘Lee

*continued*

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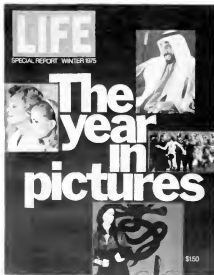


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### COUNTDOWN *Continued*

Elder. Story of a Pioneer," he said the other day. "But I don't know if I like that or not." Elder's worries were many. "These companies keep offering one-year contracts for endorsements," he fretted at another moment. "What's wrong with three or four years?"

Last October Elder played Augusta at the invitation of Coca-Cola President J. Paul Austin. He shot a 74 and came away saying, "The course is everything they say it is—picturesque and beautiful—and the service couldn't be better." He plans to practice at Augusta twice more before Masters week. It is possible, if only remotely, that another black golfer might win one of the next five tour events and thus qualify, too. The likeliest man, Jim Dent, has been playing well. Since Dent used to caddy at Augusta, his return as a player would be almost too good for Hollywood, but Elder would actually welcome being upstaged.

"I'd love to see Jim at the Masters," he says. "He's from Augusta and it would mean a lot to him. I could still say I was the first to qualify. And by having Jim or some other black golfer there, I think it would make me a little less nervous."

Elder has rented two large houses and four motel rooms in Augusta to accommodate an entourage of friends, relatives, business associates and press agents numbering, at last count, 55. With a wry grin, he says, "My presence will be felt." To make his presence felt in other ways, he vows to start getting his golf game together in the remaining weeks before the tournament. "I'm driving better than ever, and I've got new irons that seem to work," he says. "It's just a matter of concentration. I'd like to do well in the next couple tournaments and if the putts start dropping, I think I can play well at the Masters, too. Maybe even win."

This last heady possibility was raised often enough at last December's testimonial in Washington, where one speaker after another kept turning to Lee Elder and saying things like, "Now wouldn't it be great if you could go win at Augusta, Lee?" And, well, wouldn't it? Yet it remained for Wiechers, a quiet, hulking nine-year PGA veteran who has never qualified for the Masters, to restore perspective. When his turn came to speak, he said, "All this talk about winning the Masters is just putting more pressure on Lee. All that really matters is that he's going to be there." **END**

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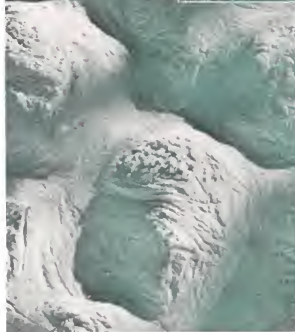
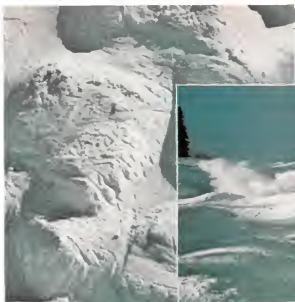
# A BIT OF BUMP AND RUN

The happy cowboy at right was once Captain America, flashing down racecourses in his starred and striped crash helmet, the pride of the U.S. ski team and a gold medalist in the 1970 world championship. The pace was fast, but far from all the glamour of world competition, it was a life restricted to running the gates on smooth-packed slopes while recreational skiers, snowplows notwithstanding, were having more fun. Now Mister Racer has returned to being Billy Kidd, a converted Californian and the resident celebrity at Steamboat Springs, free at last to pursue his passion—skiing mountainsides full of moguls. He finds it a lovely, if lumpy, way to relax, and among practitioners of this cold sport he is without peer. Swinging along, independent suspension systems in full play, Kidd shows how he takes the bumps on the pages that follow and then, no kidding, gives some tips on how it's done.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEIL LEIFER







Descending a moonscape of moguls pitched at a dizzying 45°, skiers coming off Holiday run at Sun Valley either make it like the one above, or break it, like the victim below. The latter should have applied Billy Kidd's First Law of Skiing the Lumps, which he demonstrates (insert) on Sunset at Aspen. The law: stop bobbing up and down, get over your skis and let your legs take the shocks. And one more thing: if at all possible, relax.





# DOWN. UP. OVER EASY

BY BILLY KIDD

There comes a time in every skier's life when he stands transfixed atop a slope, looking down a field of moguls and wondering how he is going to make it. Not so much if he is going to make it, but how. This is a condition we used to call the Steel Elbow. It is not exactly a fear—the hull is not going to hurt you and you can't fall off the world—it is more a brief flush of embarrassment, a sense that one is about to do something dumb. So one must have an excuse ready. When your companions say, "What's the matter? Let's go," you merely give them a gentle smile and murmur, "You know, since I stopped racing, I like to ski slower now and enjoy the scenery."

Exactly. That's it. Moguls are there to be enjoyed, beautiful hump after hump after bump. Moguls are made by those who have skied the slope before you, carving turns and kicking up snow. With each passing skier, the troughs formed by the edging of skis in the turns get ever deeper and the mounds created by the snow they kick up grow ever higher. The mounds get nicely packed and presto—that's how moguls are born.

Since they are there, you should learn to enjoy them. So now is the time to repeat after me: there is no greater bang in skiing. Moguls put bounce in your life, and the greatest sensation in the whole sport is wheeling down a bumpy slope, swirling where one should swirl, occasionally lighter than air and featherlike, then weighted just right while carving the next turn. There is the kick of accomplishment. One need not go fast. Even snake-hopping slowly down a mogully slope sets the blood to churning properly, washes out the mind, possibly opens all eight sinus passages, cures all bodily ailments, stops falling dandruff

and prevents cavities. This is why you are there.

There are few secrets in this game, but there are ways to make it easier and more fun. First, relax. Start by holding your ski poles loosely in your hands, arms out in front of you, but not above shoulder level. Then, get your weight in the middle of the skis. And finally, don't plan on bouncing around a lot. All the weighting and unweighting you so carefully mastered on smooth slopes is unnecessary here; the moguls will take care of that.

In my home base at Steamboat Springs, where I work with skiers to the point where they are absolutely nuts about moguls, we do a little starter. I ask each skier to stand on the top of his very own mogul, ski tips and tails hanging out in the air, until they appear to be so many statues on snowy pedestals, knees slightly bent, relaxed. Shoulders facing downhill, the skier then makes a simple pole plant, rolls his knees and swivels his feet. And, just like that, he is sliding down the far side of the mogul. He hits the trough, knees still flexed, delighted to discover that he has made a turn from the standing start. That one move builds confidence, a hunger for more moguls and drives home the key point: always turn from the tops of the bumps, not down in the troughs where tips and tails will get caught.

After that, we work to keep head, shoulders and torso on a level plane and do all the flexing from the hips down, the legs pumping like pistons. My skiers next make little runs at moguls to perfect their timing. They ride up the near sides, knees pumping up. They turn on the tops of the moguls merely by swiveling their feet (no need to unweight) and ride down the far sides, legs straightening a bit. When in doubt atop a bump, always reach ahead and plant the pole. It commits you to the turn; it also keeps you from sitting back, which is a natural reflex but a no-no. He who sits back always ends up sandwiched between

troughs, tangled in his equipment and wondering whoever said this was fun in the first place.

While perfecting all this, it is wise to remember two more points. Do not wander all over the mountain on a long traverse, peering ahead hopefully for just the perfect mogul on which to make a turn, the mogul that looks like it might have your name engraved on it. Pick any mogul the next one you come to—and turn over it. If you've seen one mogul, you've seen them all; just ski them.

The other point is for anybody who has ever despised of skiing prettily, gracefully, like the instructors do. To put it simply, while skiing moguls, keep your feet comfortably apart to maintain your balance. Don't be slavish about parallel technique in the bumps; this is fun, not a style show. Do it right and you are Franco Harris, not Fred Astaire.

How quickly it all falls (forgive the term) into place. For folks who have mastered the technique, for newly converted mogul freaks, there is no turning back. One plans ski trips and winter lifetimes in search of the perfect half-dozen of bumps.

Three leap to mind.

The first is National at Stowe, Vt., probably the most difficult hump field I know of. There are steeper trails but this one is very steep (35°), quite narrow and three-quarters of a mile long. If you start down National, there is no letting up. And the snow is almost always hard; you find harder snow in the East. The next bump run is Exhibition at Sun Valley, which not only has all the moves but is right out there in the open where everyone can see you. And the last is a gem at Steamboat called Concentration. What an appropriate name! The slope is steep, superlumpy and it, too, runs close under a lift line—which affects your ego, I assure you. If you advance to the point where you can handle the first two, old power legs, then come to Colorado. Call me and we'll ski Concentration together.

END

*With shoulders facing downhill and body plane level—as Kidd and a buddy demonstrate—you, too, can get a lift out of life along a bumpy mountain trail*



## **A SHOUT FOR THOSE AUSSIES**

Emmo, Rocket, Newk, Muscles—after countless rounds of beer and games of tennis, the author toasts a close-knit and jut-jawed crew

**by ARTHUR ASHE  
with FRANK DEFORD**

FRIDAY, MARCH 8, 1974—HARTFORD

We're playing the World Cup, which is not a world cup at all but a competition between Australian and American professionals—five singles and two doubles matches. It was inaugurated five years ago at a time when the pros were locked out of the Davis Cup.

Tennis is not really a team sport. When it is played as a team sport, it is a forcing of the issue; it is just a number of separate matches totaled up. Still, the Davis Cup has been contested for three-quarters of a century, and in this country college team tennis has a long tradition, so that all of us who play the game have a certain experience with the concept and spirit of playing on a team. The '68 U.S. team I was on that won back the Davis Cup was a unit in the highest athletic sense.

But as an ongoing team, an entity, a tradition, nothing in tennis has ever approached the Aussies. They have an *esprit* no other country's players have. They are a breed apart.

For one thing, the Australians travel better than the rest of us, which is more

important than it sounds. We never see homesick Aussies; if an Australian makes the tour it is understood that he cannot be homesick.

This sets the tone for their whole philosophy, for just as they accept traveling as part of the game, so they accept every other variable. Rarely, if ever, will an Aussie complain about calls. They play the game, not the lines. In private, the Aussies will complain about the money—aside from buying beers, they are a nation of tightwads—but never will they complain about conditions or use them as alibis. If the lights are bad or the crowd is noisy or the surface is slick or whatever, they keep their mouths shut. If you have an injury, you can default; if you play, you don't have an injury. "You're playing, aren't you?" "You walk on the court, you have no excuses," Roy Emerson told me once, and that is the credo.

The whole world has tried to adopt their training methods, and while they are no secret, they have never worked as well for any other nation. The rigorous exercises have been just right for the Aussies for a couple of reasons. First of all,

KEN ROSEWALL

the Australians are good athletes; they are athletes who happen to be tennis players. They didn't learn in country clubs. Secondly, though probably more important, it is part of their culture to endure. By their own definition, they are a nation of "mutton-punchers" and "sod-busters" and so it was relatively easy for them to accept the Marquis de Sade exercises that, in the main, Harry Hopman devised.

Hop is the father figure of Australian tennis—or the godfather figure. From 1938 on he was captain of the Davis Cup team for most of 30 years, and while he had been a world-class player himself, he made his mark as a team leader. He wasn't just captain, he was everything: coach, administrator, trainer, warden, chaperon. He even wrote his own newspaper scoops. He is the one constant in the Aussie story, and while many of the

continued

ROY EMERSON



ROD LAVER



JOHN NEWCOMBE



guys who played for him still hate his bloody guts, they all give him credit. Since I never played for Hopman, he was always very kind to me. It was only his own players he treated like dogs. He was the first person to suggest that I try Butaroldin for my tennis elbow.

Of all Hopman's training devices, the most manual is the two-on-one drill: two guys on one side of the net hitting to the target player on the other. It's as simple as it sounds and it's a universal procedure now, but it is absolutely the most grueling exercise. For the Aussies, it is just something to get them past the pain barrier.

Yet probably as important as the training methods that he created was the sense of team, of continuity, that Hopman developed. Among the stars, a tradition of responsibility grew early, and each of the big players passed something on: Sedgman and McGregor to Anderson and Cooper to Rosewall and Hoad to Laver and Emerson to Newcombe and Roche, where the string ran out. The younger Aussies, the ones who never had the benefit of Hopman, are different. They don't have the same spirit and outlook. The money has changed a lot of things. Hopman probably couldn't run things his way anymore. He treated newcomers to the squad with contempt. Here was some hotshot kid, junior champion, the comer, and Hopman made him into an errand boy, an orange squeezer. The reserves on the team didn't hit a ball unless Hopman deigned to let them. On the oth-

er hand, if he thought one of his stars needed work, he'd bring out a reserve and use him as a ball machine for as long as it suited his purposes. One time I saw Bill Bowrey serve to Roy Emerson for better than half an hour straight.

But nowadays things are different. You take the best young Aussie, Ross (Snake) Case. He's a cute little guy, looks something like a koala bear, but he gets away with murder. The other day, a bunch of Aussies were waiting for a car. It pulls up, the driver opens the trunk, and it's Snake who throws his luggage right in and then takes the best seat up front as if he owned the car. All the other Aussies laughed at his nerve, and they took it. Hopman never would have tolerated that kind of behavior from a kid.

Hopman conditioned his boys to extend themselves, to play when they hurt. I can see any one of them now, say, down 30-40 after losing a hard point. But one deep breath and right back at you—and all the time exuding confidence, sure that they'll win this point, make it deuce, sweep the next two and the game. Hell, ace you the next two. You felt that across the net; still do when you play one of Hop's boys. Tired as an Aussie may be, he will always make it a point to cross over standing straight up, breathing easy. It is a matter of pride never to let you know they can be tired. And with Hopman sitting there watching them during Davis Cup matches, they were like the little Spartan boy with the fox eating his stomach out. They were more afraid of Hopman than anybody on the other side of the net.

He would never get out of his chair. Just sit and watch. But after all the harassment and hectoring in practice, when it was a match he was a model of reassurance. No matter how badly a guy would be playing, he'd say, "Keep going for the lines, hit out, don't ease up and play safe." Fred Stolle told me that in the key '64 Challenge Round match against Ralston, when he, Stolle, crossed over at two sets apiece and a break in the fifth set, Hop just said, "Go for the lines." Stolle broke Ralston's next game with a lob just in. *Go for the lines.*

Hopman was a long time coming around to playing Stolle. He didn't think Fred had guts enough. One year Stolle made the Wimbledon finals, but Hopman still wouldn't use him. When he finally did select him for an important

match, against Mexico in '65, he never gave Fred a clue to his intentions. Stolle didn't know he was playing until his name came out of the bowl at the draw. Fred's case was unusual. Most times, if you got behind Hopman's eight-ball you never got out.

What sets the Aussies farthest apart from the rest of us is that they never stop being a team. They are traveling alone in the world, and so they look out for one another. It does not matter which one of them is playing, at least one other Aussie will be watching. And if he loses, there will also be at least one mate to console him over a few beers.

I first went to Australia in 1965, and I've spent better than a year of my life Down Under—plus no telling how many years made up of days and nights with Aussies all over the world. The Australians are among the nicest people I've met, and if they call us "the bloody Yanks," they have a great affinity for Americans—certainly much more affection than for the British, whom they sneer at as "pommy bastards."

I must say that I have never had any problem whatsoever in Australia with regard to race and, according to Newcombe, the government and the people don't give a hang about blacks like me, one way or the other. The immigration policies, he says, were aimed strictly at keeping the Asian hordes out. Of course, it all amounted to the same thing.

The Aussie players tend to have very little interest in politics. Newcombe, who is among the brightest of them all, is the exception, though Stolle also has some strong political opinions. The players are usually conservative, as *mureen rich* tend to be everywhere—the British have an expression for it: "Bang the bell, Jack, I'm on the bus." The rest of us are laughing at the Aussies now because a Labor government was voted in recently for the first time in many years, and it is raising taxes. I mentioned this to Muscles Rosewall in the locker room, and with a perfectly straight face he replied, "It doesn't concern me too much, of course, but they are taking the rich a bit much." As if he were not among the Australian rich.

Muscles still has every dollar he ever made, and he still dresses like a farmer come to town. On those rare occasions when he cracks a joke in the locker room, the whole place falls silent in shock. But he owns the complete respect of the play-



HARRY HOPMAN



**S**UNDAY, 11:03 PM. Frank can't sleep. He's thinking about his new Kawasaki, his first motorcycle. Frank gets out of bed. Elaine wakes up. "What's the matter?" she says.

"Can't sleep, I think I'm hungry," he says. "Guess I'll get a glass of milk or something." Frank clumps down to the kitchen, opens and closes the refrigerator door (to make it sound good), tip-toes to the garage, climbs aboard his KZ-400.

"Okay, baby," he says to his bike, "tomorrow it's another world. Vroooooooooooooom to work...vrooom, vrrrrrrrrrrrrroooooom through all that vrooom crummy, crawlin' traffic....vrrrrrrrrrrroooooom...stoplight comin' up...disc brake, perfect...urroom, moom, moom, moom..."

"Yeah and there's a guy leanin' outta his car eyeballin' my bike. 'What's it got?' he says. '4-stroke, twin cylinder, 398cc,' I say. 'How's it kick over?' he says. 'Electric starter,' I say. And the light's green and vrrrrrrroooooom I'm gone...zippin' across town, easin' around a corner, shiftin' down, yeah through all five gears... 'Hi toots,' vrrrrrrroooooom..."

CLICK. Frank hears the garage door open. He grabs his owner's manual. He studies it intently.

"Vrrroooooom, vrrroooooom," says Elaine.

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ers, as a man and as a competitor. Unlike Laver and Newcombe and Emerson and several of the others who have tennis interests and homes in the U.S., Muscles has few ties to America. He is strictly an old-fashioned family man—and an Australian. He plays much as he lives, never changing his game for anybody.

It is interesting to note, for instance, that while our backhands are our best shots, I have three different backhands, but Muscles has only one. I can hit a flat backhand, on top of the ball or under it. Muscles just hits every backhand the same—perfect. He also never has to hurry a shot. I have no idea how he manages it, but 99% of the time he is in perfect position to hit whatever you send back. This gives him an edge few people are aware of. It gives him the time to disguise his shots; you seldom can tell what is coming. His lob, particularly from the forehand side, is bouncing back by the baseline at approximately the time you figure out that he has lobbed you.

So much attention is paid Rosewall's backhand that almost nobody ever gets around to mentioning his volley, which is positively the best in the world. One of the great misconceptions about modern tennis is that it is the big game—serve and volley—but the truth is, it is more a big-volley game than a big-serve game. I'd say there are only about seven legitimate cannonballers around: Newcombe, John Alexander and Paul Kronk of Australia; Vladimir Zednik of Czechoslovakia; and Stan Smith, Roscoe Tanner and myself of the U.S. Colin Dibley, another Aussie, may have the fastest serve of us all, but he doesn't get a high enough percentage in to rate. The best volleyers are seldom the tall, rangy types who serve best. The volley is a controlled punch shot, and so the best volleyers are usually the small guys with short arms.

Rosewall came up with Lew Hoad more than two decades ago, the teen-age whiz kids, but they were, and are, temperamentally opposite. Also, as great as Rosewall is, it is important to remember that Hoad was considered the better, and even, for a brief spell, possibly the best player ever. Gonzales told me that if there was a Universe Davis Cup, if Earth had to pick one man for all time to play one match for the planet, he would pick Lew Hoad in his prime. But Hoad was done in by back trouble.

A lot of people think that if Lew had stayed healthy, he could have been tennis' equivalent of Arnold Palmer and hastened the tennis boom by a decade. Hoad was surely the strongest player who ever lived; he completely contradicted the lingering effete tennis image. He was colorful and charismatic. He would stay out drinking beer till five in the morning and then beat your brains out on the court by noon. Emerson is another one who could carry on all night and play at top speed the next day.

There are two absolutes I think you can lay on Emmo. One, he is the fittest player who ever lived. Two, he is the most popular. Every tennis player loves Roy Emerson. He is a "great bloke" as they say, completely selfless and genuine. In the locker room, after you have played a match, he is sure to come by, whether you won or lost. If you won, he says, "Well done." If you lost, "Bad luck." A smile in either case.

Emmo has bad teeth. So does Muscles. So do a lot of the Aussies. The men are purposely plain, with no artificiality at all. There are a lot of long faces and jut jaws—a very determined-looking, down-to-earth type. The Aussies don't care about the esthetics of teeth as long as they work when it comes to eating. They even rather pride themselves on their ordinariness, showing off is the gravest Australian sin. The worst they can call someone is a "high-noter," meaning a person who flaunts money.

I don't believe that any of the players have ever invested in anything more exotic than an apartment house back home. The whole continent must be sinking under apartment houses owned by tennis players. Given a choice, they'll stay in the cheapest hotels. At Wimbledon, they all go way out to Cromwell Road and find cut-rate deals at small hotels. Their dress is neo-Good Will. The only good Australian dresser I've ever seen is Newcombe's wife Angie, but then she's from Germany, so she really doesn't count.

Native Australian women know their place. "Sheilshs," they recalled. "Come on, you bloody Sheilah." Emmo will scream, pulling some player's wife up by her arms. That is an invitation to dance. Stolle, who likes "to get through you" (pull a fast one on you), has raised hell with me because he says the American soldiers who go to Australia for R & R are spoiling all the Sheilahs by talking to

them and listening to them and spending money on them—making them think they're bloody queens. The Australian idea of a great date is to take a Sheilah to a pub, park her in the corner and then go over and drink all evening with the boys.

Of course, in self-defense, the Aussie girls learn pretty quickly to be beer drinkers, too. Owen Davidson, Newcombe's buddy, also married an Angie, this one from Houston, and she's already more Aussie than American. Dave-O is the most direct of the Aussies. We call him "Mr. Warmth," after Don Rickles. But he always makes himself understood, he is fair and forthright, so everybody likes him.

Hoad has the reputation as the most indomitable drinker, but Newcombe and Roche are leading contenders. Newk is not invincible, though. In 1967, the first time he won Wimbledon, he celebrated by filling a bathtub full of ice and bottles of beer. Foster, direct from Australia—but the evening concluded when he threw up all over Angie. The year before, on New Year's night, Jan. 1, 1966, I was playing down in Australia, and we went to a place in Sydney named Herman's Haystack. We started drinking beer, and pretty soon we were all smashed. Newcombe tilted back in his chair and fell right out of it and injured his back. I think he'd like to forget that.

I've never seen an Australian order anything like a martini. They call you a "lardy" (snob) if you ask for wine. If you do join a group of them drinking beer, there is only one rule—the newcomer must be prepared to "shout." That means order a round. Economic status has no bearing when it comes to shouting. The poorest man at the table is expected to match shouts with the richest. And as tight as the Aussies can be, they are not necessarily clannish. If you want to join them on their terms and give a shout, fine. They love having Cliff Richey sit in. He's such an intense, humorous creature on the court, but after a few beers with the Aussies he gets all bug-eyed and turns into a regular comic.

As egotitarian as the Aussies are, they take great pride in their champion. They show no jealousy toward him, and are more anxious to build him up than to watch him fall from his perch. At the very peak of his career, when he was winning his second Grand Slam, Laver would get coaching tips from lesser players like

continued

Stolle. When Newcombe assumed the leader's mantle but then slumped and took some bad losses, Stolle came right up to him and, well, reprimanded him, "You got to shape up, Newk," he told him. Another time, when Newcombe wanted to give up the tour because he was going so badly, Allan Stone and Ray Ruffels kept him up drinking beer till three in the morning, calling him "a quitter" to his face. At last they beat him down, and he stayed on tour. The next day, Dave-O volunteered to practice with him.

Newcombe has the most fantastic court presence. He emits vibrations that he is on top, and particularly for big events and under pressure he is capable of raising his game. John is not a pretty player, but he is much smarter than he is given credit for. One of his greatest assets is his ability to win five-set matches. Yet he cannot go top speed for five sets. He looks stronger than Laver or Emerson, but he doesn't possess their stamina. So Newk must pick his spots and save something for the fifth set—which means that his accomplishment is all the more impressive. He doesn't just outlast opponents; he outthinks them.

Getting back to the World Cup matches in Hartford, tonight Newk beat me 6-4 in the third set. In the Davis Cup at Cleveland he beat Stan 6-4 in the fifth. He got the break off me in a way he often does. Newk has a great forehand, and many people who are strong on that side will often run around their backhand, but Newk will play it straight. He'll hit backhands he could work to run around. Then, suddenly, you are serving and he gets the edge—30-40 on your second serve, as he did tonight. So now, for the very first time in the set, he slides over into the alley and glares back at you. He is announcing to you: I am going to hit my forehand. And you must serve to it, or risk a double fault by trying to hit his far backhand corner on a dime. In the Davis Cup, at match point, in a similar sort of situation, Stan Smith double-faulted. Tonight I got my serve in, but Newk hit the forehand and won the point. Break.

In ways like this, Newcombe distracts you and makes you think ahead, wondering what he is going to come up with next. It's a great psychological trick, for you may do more damage to yourself worrying about when he is going to run around his backhand than when in fact

he does it. Mutches with Newcombe may never look subtle, but there is much more there than is apparent.

And now I've got to play Rocket tomorrow.

#### SATURDAY, MARCH 9 HARTFORD

I feel as if I have a good chance against Laver. But then, going into a match against him I always feel as if I have a good chance and, for that matter, I usually play a good match, too. The only thing is, every time he wins. Laver has won 18 straight from me. That goes back to our first meeting at Forest Hills when I was 17 years old, on through the final a few weeks ago in Philadelphia. It's really an incredible thing for any world-class athlete to be 18-0 against another in any sport—especially when we have been playing each other so many years.

People ask me why I don't change my

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*This excerpt is from the book "Arthur Ashe, Portrait to Motion" by Arthur Ashe with Frank Deford, to be published by Houghton Mifflin.*

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game when I play Laver. Sure, and what am I going to do? Ice the puck? Run out the clock? Put in a designated volleyer? The trouble is, the strengths of his game dovetail perfectly into my weaknesses. For instance, his best return of first service is a slice backhand crosscourt, which goes to my forehand volley, my weakest shot. Then my second serve is a twist which just hops right up onto his racket, a set-up for his forehand. So he returns very well against me, and I don't happen to return well at all against most left-handers.

A great lob can neutralize Laver—and I don't have an outstanding lob. This will sound silly, too, but I get into a match and forget completely about the lob. I'll talk to myself about using a lob for hours before a match, and then I'll get out there and draw a blank on the shot. And it's all very relative. I beat Riessen regularly, but Marty returns well against left-handers and he can throw up a good lob, and so he does quite well against Rocket.

Some people try to console me by saying that I might do better against Rocket if I didn't have so many active interests and involvements outside of tennis. But that is a specious argument. I would go out of my mind if I only played ten-

nis, the way Rocket does. There is simply a limit to how much straight tennis I could endure. I could never even consider becoming a teaching pro when I'm through playing.

When I think of tennis, when I think of the pleasure I get out of it, I think of a whole existence—playing and traveling and meeting people and being with the guys and all that. When Rocket thinks of tennis, he thinks of one thing: playing tennis. He even relishes practice. He is like a pig in mud out on that court, even if it just means chasing balls until he is out of breath. We both love tennis very much, but we love it very differently.

Well, now it's one and 18! I beat him 6-3, 6-3. It was the first time since 1959 that Rocket had lost a match playing for his country. The victory for me made it 2-2 in the cup, and we should have gone ahead in the next match. Stan and I had Newcombe and Roche 3-0 in the third (best of three), but we let them pull it out at 6-4.

Roche, with those powerful volleys of his, is Newk's best partner. I guess they're the best team of my era. Roche would have been one of the very best if he hadn't gotten injured. Maybe best of all. He's always played the backhand court (what the Aussies call "second court") with Newcombe. John has all the shots from the forehand court (first court). Emerson has been a great first court player, too, the best, and he had to make up in speed what John can do with his strokes. Newk gets a very high percentage of his first serves into the corners in singles, so he takes a little off of them, and almost never misses in doubles.

Many people were surprised at the Davis Cup finals last December when Newcombe played doubles with Laver instead of with Rosenwall, who was fresh, having been held out of the singles. But Newk has played with left-handers in the second court for almost all of his career. Remember, doubles is a game of angles. The return Newcombe will get from an opponent if he is hitting back a left-hander's shot will be angled differently. Angles beget angles. Newk has got it all figured out. The Australian temperament also gives almost any Aussie combination an edge. Newk told me once, "If I think Dave-O did something wrong, I'll tell him, and he won't get mad. He knows I'm just trying to win the match. You bloody Yanks let things ride all the time,

and so you have much more jealousy on your doubles teams. We bring things out in the open."

As far as the Laver match was concerned, it was just my turn. He wasn't playing very well at the start, and I sensed this and concentrated on getting the ball in and letting him make the errors. I remembered to lob, too, and used it to good advantage. I was hitting a sharp backhand slice from the baseline, and I was putting more volleys away than I usually do against him. He often makes me hit my first volley up, without much velocity, and then he comes in a step or so and passes me, but tonight he was off and I could hit down on my volleys.

Still, no one ever can feel secure against Rocket. People talk about me being a streaky player, but there is no one who can blow any hotter than Rocket. In 1968, in the finals of the Pacific Southwest, Rosewall beat him 7-5 in the first set, and then didn't win another game—love and love, a double bagel. When Laver goes on one of those tears, it's just ridiculous. He starts hitting the lines, and then he starts hitting the lines harder—and harder and harder. No one can stop him.

So, in the second set, I went up 5-1, and damn if he doesn't break back, and suddenly it is 5-3 and I'm down love-40 on my serve. Well, I am not a defeatist, but after 18 straight losses to the guy, you can imagine what was going through my head out there. And I am aware that everybody in the building, Laver included, is probably thinking the same thing.

But this time I steadied and held. Laver has one fantastic little shot that serves as sort of a weathervane for him. If this shot is working, you can be sure his whole game is on. It is a soft backhand under-spin lob down the line. He doesn't hit it high, but just sort of scoops it up—and he never uses it except to your backhand side. When that shot is on, it goes, diabolically, exactly one inch past your backhand reach and lands just inside the base. Rocket missed one of those tonight near the end, when he was coming back at me, and that was when I finally believed that I really might beat him at last. As the Aussies say, the game was up. But let me tell you, mate, if he had beaten me again, I would have gone round the bend. As it is, I'm flabbergasted and Laver's probably so surprised you could stuff him up a gum tree.

END



JACK NEWTON DANIEL made whiskey in 1866 by a method called charcoal leaching. We say charcoal mellowing today.

Whatever you call it, you start with hard maple from the Tennessee uplands and burn it to char. You grind this charcoal to the size of small peas and tamp it tight in vats. Then you trickle whiskey down through the vats to mellow its taste. Around 1945 we changed the name of this method from *leaching* to *mellowing*. It seemed a better way of describing it. But that's the only part of Mr. Jack's process that needed improving.



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**Ex-janitor Snowy Simpson did not become a head coach until age 56**



## Twilight on the Wabash

Clarence (Snowy) Simpson would be a true test for those experts who try to guess people's ages at carnivals. His hair has been white since adolescence, sparing him the agony of growing up as "Clarence" on Pittsburgh's north side during the '30s. But until he became head basketball coach at little Wabash College three years ago, it also was one of a set of physical peculiarities that hampered him from progressing beyond the role of an assistant at Kansas State, Utah and Penn State.

At 5'6" Simpson has always been a difficult man to size up, and his Stengel-

esque features have added to the confusion by making him appear 20 years older than he is. When Snowy arrived in Crawfordsville, Ind. to interview for the Wabash job, he looked like a man of retirement age rather than a 56-year-old ball of energy seeking his first executive position. He had been out of major college coaching since money problems got him in trouble at Penn State in 1964. An inability to handle personal finances, it seems, has been another hindrance to Simpson's career.

Wabash Athletic Director Max Services was aware of this bag of troubles and other things about Simpson that he knew would not sit well with the committee set up to screen coaching candidates. Services knew, for instance, that Simpson was only a part-time assistant at a junior college when he heard about the Wabash opening. From nine to five Snowy worked as a janitor at the University of Pittsburgh, sweeping the gym floor during basketball season. Instead of coaching the Panthers, as he was capable of doing, Simpson had to be content with giving advice after practice when many of the players stopped by to talk basketball.

Services hoped that the committee might be sold on Simpson because of his degree in English, his reputation as a sharp scout and his gentle nature and ability to work with young players. However, Simpson's four erratically spaced teeth and his raspy voice tended to obscure these qualities, so Services played his trump card. He phoned a name on Simpson's list of references, Adolph Rupp, and The Baron's first words were, "Hire him." Services relayed the message, and the job was Simpson's.

Wabash College, with its enrollment of 800, is far from the big time Simpson frequently refers to with a mixture of pride and melancholy. The isolated all-male school is one of the two or three of its kind remaining among four-year colleges. It is strictly for bookworms who want to study without a lot of halter tops around to distract them. A Wabash student's idea of a good time is five beers with the guys and a couple of quick chapters of Sartre before bed. The tab for a year runs about \$4,000, so nobody comes to Wabash just to play basketball. Those who do go out for the sport wear the uniform of the Little Giants, an unfortunately appropriate nickname. If a Wabash

man stands 6'8", he must play the pivot, even if his weight does not put him in the 10.

Simpson guaranteed his new employers a victory in the 1972-73 season opener, and would have made good on his promise had he resisted a last-minute temptation to schedule a game at Bradley. The Braves trounced the Little Giants 92-75. Then Wabash beat Marian College in the originally scheduled opener and started off on a three-game winning streak. There has not been one that long since.

Snowy's first team was 7-16, and last year's 7-18 squad ended up tied for last in the Indiana Collegiate Conference, one of the best small-college leagues. This year's team has managed to do worse. Counting their season-ending 93-73 drubbing at Eastern Illinois last week, the Little Giants staggered home 4-22.

"Coach," says Simpson, who has served under so many he addresses most males in this manner, "I've discovered there is no correlation between classroom smarts and success at basketball. These kids are bright, but five of them want to be doctors and that's too many. Do you have any idea how many three-hour labs they have in the afternoon?"

"My wife warned me not to expect these kids to do the same things as the players at Kansas State or Utah. Still, it's hard not to think back to 1951, when I was an assistant at KSU and we were in the NCAA finals. I figure if Wabash can't win in the ICC, we might as well take some nice trips and play a few big schools. Why, last year we got beat as badly at Valparaiso as at Houston, and my boys got to visit the Astrodome, the space center and Mexico."

At a college like Wabash, where athletics are less important than learning, Simpson's logic would appear to be faultless. But Services, who agreed at first, now sees it another way. He is a Wabash alumnus, and he thinks more people in Crawfordsville would buy 510 season tickets if the team were 13-13 instead of 4-22. He feels eight opponents on Snowy's 1974-75 schedule did not belong there.

"We should be playing more schools like ourselves," Services says. "Once where you have to study to graduate. I'm going to have to give the matter some thought during the next month or two."

If Simpson is not head coach at Wabash next season it will mean that the

*continued*

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realization of his dream of being his own boss was short-lived. But for a man who wrote a manual on how to be a good jumper, it would be just a routine setback.

"I don't think anything I've ever done was beneath me," Sunjson said after a loss in Walsh's final home game. "I was always the little man in the blue suit who never got introduced, and I learned to live with such things long ago."

## THE WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

**MIDWEST** Is there a coach who agrees with a referee's ruling that goes against his team on a critical play? Yes. After a traveling violation was called on one of his players on a layup attempt at the final buzzer in a 78-76 loss to Kansas, Colorado's Scott Walbesh spoke up. "I think it was a good call," he said. Rick Suttle led the Jayhawks with 20 points and a dozen rebounds. Sharing first place in the Big Eight with Kansas was Kansas State, a 70-68 winner over Iowa State in a game during which the lead flipped 25 times. Applying the finishing touch was Guard Chuck Williams, who tossed in three late baskets to top off a 28-point performance.

St. Louis has a rich basketball heritage, but financial woes and waning attendance have spurred trustees that the Bulldogs may drop the sport. There is also talk of an emergency \$200,000 fund-raising campaign to keep them playing, and enthusiasm for that drive could only be increased after St. Louis won at home against Memphis State 78-75 for the ninth straight year. There are no such problems at State, where the Tigers crumpled Mercer 93-75 before their 13th sell-out crowd of the season. That boosted home attendance for '74-'75 to 200,498.

Louisville wrapped up the Missouri Valley title by defeating West Texas State 75-69 and North Texas State 92-73.

In the Southwest Conference Texas Tech moved into a tie for first place with Texas A&M by beating the Aggies 73-63 and defeating Texas 78-51.

"The most miserable half I've ever had a team play in Pauley Pavilion," was how Wooden described it. But in the second period his Bruins got tough, washed 13 of 16 second-half shots and pulled out a 51-47 victory. UCLA then moved a step closer to the Pacific Eight title by beating Stanford 93-59. With one contest left, Oregon State stayed a game behind UCLA, downing Washington State 44-41 and Washington 86-78.

Coach of the Year Award was the label on a package delivered to Texas-Li Paso Coach Don Haskin before a game at Utah. Inside was a scrawny plucked chicken. After the game, which the Miners won 71-65, Haskin said, "If I could find that Utah fan and could buy one at this time of night, I'd present him with a scalp." The next night, however, the Miners were trimmed 85-54 by Brigham Young and were eliminated from the WAC race. Arizona State took the league title, shooting down Wyoming 94-76 and then forcing 25 Colorado State turnovers in a 104-80 rout. For the first time in 24 years Arizona reached the 20-win plateau, edging Colorado State 107-97 and Wyoming 92-74. Al Fleming had 61 points in those games. Against the Cowboys the Wildcats set a conference record by sinking 67 2's, of their shots.

1. UCL A (22-3) 2. ARIZONA STATE (22-3)

**EAST** "It gets tougher and tougher," said Connecticut Coach Dee Rowe after a last-second foul shot by Boston College's Bob Carrington sent the Huskies down to a 68-67 defeat. Then Rowe pulled a small brown bottle from his coat pocket. "Nitroglycerine pills," he said. "Perfect to ease the chest pains." Rowe was less upset four days later, when UConn overhauled Rhode Island 73-71 to run its record to 18-6 and earn a bid to the FFAAC playoffs. Two other New England coaches, George Blaney of Holy Cross and Dave Gavett of Providence, were jittery after losses to St. John's. The Redmen knocked off the ECAC tournament-bound Crusaders 72-65 and then cut the Friars' hopes of making the Eastern playoffs by ranking them 88-70.

Another anguished coach was Temple's Don Casey. After blowing a 44-30 lead and losing to Penn 57-55, Casey tried to explain how his Owls failed to get off a last-second, game-tying shot. "We had a set jump pick down," he said. "The ball was supposed to go to Kevin Washington or Timmy Claxton. But Penn firmed up on man-to-man and wouldn't let them pop." Penn went on to extend its winning streak to 14, crunching Yale 98-73 and Brown 89-59 and locking up its sixth consecutive Ivy League title.

After 22 years Maryland finally earned its first regular-season championship at the Atlantic Coast Conference by beating Clemson 70-64. Leading the Terp scoring with 20

points was Tennessee Guard Brad Davis. In a subsequent 108-82 romp at Duquesne, Davis had 18 points and 10 assists, and Steve Sheppard came off the bench to score 27 points. Maryland finished its regular-season play by downing East Tennessee State 104-87. Because of the way he bounces on the court when he is excited, freshman Guard Phil Ford is called Bugs Bunny by his North Carolina teammates. Ford had plenty of reason to jump up and down as he pumped in 22 points in a 76-74 win over North Carolina State. David Thompson had 32 points for the Wolfpack and added 36 more as State drubbed UNC-Charlotte 103-80.

1. MARYLAND (22-3) 2. N.C. STATE (20-8)

**MIDEAST** Following an 86-78 loss to Indiana, Ohio State Coach Fred Taylor said Hoosier juniors Quinn Buckner and Bob Wilkerson "earn us respect." He also spoke of "a couple instances of rage." What Buckner and Wilkerson did was not criminal but merely superb basketball that resulted in 18 Buckner turnovers. Buckner also had 19 points, nine assists and six rebounds while Wilkerson had 14 points, 14 rebounds, four assists and two steals. With Scott May out with a broken arm, Steve Green took up the offensive slack. He scored 29 points against Ohio State and 30 in a 112-89 conquest of Illinois.

At 7 a.m. on Monday Alabama boarded a flight for a game against Georgia, but the plane was diverted to Atlanta because of bad weather in Athens, Ga. In Atlanta the team waited six hours and hurried 60 miles to Athens, arriving at 4 p.m. Although there was no time for a workout and little for relaxing, the Tide held off the Bulldogs 73-64 in regular sole possession of first place in the SEC. Helping Alabama take command was Florida, which shocked Kentucky 66-58. The Gators then lost at Alabama 100-75, while Kentucky defeated Vanderbilt 109-84. Against the Commodores, both Kevin Grevey and freshman Center Rick Robey had 28 points for the Wildcats. Robey drew roars of approval from Kentucky fans with some of his maneuvers. After the first of his three steals, he drove the length of the floor, dribbled the ball behind his back to elude a defender and put in a left-handed layup. Moments later Robey made another steal, drove all the way and scored on a scoop shot. And after his third theft, he pumped in a jumper from the foul line.

Adrian Dantley had 61 points as Notre Dame toyed with Fordham 98-61 and Dayton 102-69.

In an 86-65 drubbing of Oklahoma City, Lloyd Walton of Marquette broke his team record for assists in one season, getting eight to boost his total to 144.

1. INDIANA (20-2) 2. ALABAMA (22-3)

**WEST** "Some of the nicest young men I've ever had the pleasure of working with," is how UCLA Coach John Wooden refers to his present squad. There have been fears, though, that those nice young men may not be aggressive enough on the court, and they arose again when California UCLA 27-20 at halftime

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## Same old song and dance

The dissonances of disputes and squabbles resounded through the AAU indoor championships, drowning out the counterpoint of fine performances

One of these days, when they learn how to recycle gasoline from smog and Lake Erie is clean enough to gargle, the Amateur Athletic Union may either abolish all its rules or enforce each of them with the lash. In either case the change will make the world an easier place for 22-year-old Francie Larrieu, who won't have to go so far to prove a point. It should also help the governing body of American amateur sport, whose talent-for-self-humiliation continues to rival that of the contestants on *Let's Make a Deal*.

The AAU's inconsistency marred its 87th National Indoor Track and Field Championships, which took place last Friday night at Madison Square Garden before a crowd of 14,529, and helped obscure some first-rate performances. But the meet also provided a unique example of psychological warfare by Larrieu who, feeling that she had been dumped on by the AAU, responded with a splendidly arrogant performance as she won the women's mile.

Certainly there have been better times than Francie's 4:42.8 (her world record is 4:29), but it is doubtful that any of them have ever been run, wire-to-wire, in lane two, thus adding roughly 50 yards to the distance. Yet that's where Francie ran, as a protest to another of those infernal decisions that make the AAU look ridiculous.

America's best woman distance runner, Larrieu had come to New York with the noble ambition of running and winning the mile and the two mile, which would have put her on the U.S. team in both events for the dual meet with the Soviet Union three nights later in Richmond. The Pacific Coast Club, to which Larrieu belongs, had paved up the Russian meet in previous years because of one beef or another with the AAU, but this time no problems were expected. Least of all from Francie Larrieu, whose

only complaint this season was that she couldn't hear her splits in the Millrose Games a month earlier.

Since Larrieu holds the American record (9:39.4) for the two mile along with the world standard for the mile, her ambition was something more than conceit. But because the 5'4", 105-pound UCLA junior had not run a two-mile race during this calendar year, and thus had not produced a qualifying time—a procedure designed to improve, not diminish, the quality of the competition—the Women's AAU Committee headed by Mrs. Pat Rico rejected Larrieu's entry for the longer event. It thus ignored Francie's ability, the glut of AAU press releases that had advertised the ambitious double and the fact that Francie probably could beat the 11:10 qualifying time wearing galoshes, leg shackles and a trenchcoat.

Larrieu learned of the rejection Thursday night, not from Mrs. Rico or one of her committee, but from PC teammate Jim Bolding. "I had called Tom Jennings [the PCC manager] at about 10:30 to see if I had to run mile trials the next morning," Larrieu said. "Tom wasn't there, but Jim said, 'You don't have to worry about the two mile. They're not going to let you run.' I was never officially notified of the decision."

"I think if they wanted the best team to run against the Russians, seeing that I've broken or equalled the American record every time I've attempted the two mile, they could have stretched the rules a little bit. They doubt my capabilities, I guess."

So Francie, wearing a U.S. Track and Field Federation T-shirt (the USTF is the AAU's hated rival) ran hard but wide, thus making sure she would not come close to a record, and beat her UCLA friend Julie Brown by a solid margin. The two mile was a sedate affair won by Brenda Webb in 10:22; several of the

14 women in the field finished over the qualifying standard.

Still, such strict enforcement of the rules might have provoked only minor griping had not the AAU, in the person of Track Administrator Bob Lafferty, ignored them later on. Lafferty knuckled under to pressure from Protase Muchwampaka, chief of the Tanzanian delegation, by allowing a Tanzanian runner to enter the 600 final without having run in a heat. Muchwampaka told Lafferty that if his man, Claver Kamanya, was not allowed in the 600 final, Filbert Bayi, the Tanzanian star, would be withdrawn from the mile. Lafferty acquiesced. Kamanya ran an unimpressive fifth in an overcrowded field, and Bayi won the mile in 4:02.1, the slowest of his five wins on his U.S. tour.

The best performances in the meet came from Ethiopia's Maruts Yifter in the three mile, Rick Wohlhuter in the 1,000 and Rosalyn Bryant of the Mayor Daley Youth Foundation, who set a world record of 23.6 in the 230. Yifter, a 5'5", 127-pound police sergeant, unleashed a devastating kick, finishing far ahead of a good field in 13:07.6, only 2.4 seconds off the world indoor record. Wohlhuter similarly sprinted away from his competition to win the 1,000 in a blistering 2:06.4, his 27th victory in his last 28 starts. Brian McElroy came in a strong second.

Another foreigner, Hasely Crawford, the 24-year-old Eastern Machagan sprinter out of Trinidad, narrowly beat Steve Williams in a six-flat 60-yard dash, just as he had in the Millrose Games, and thus refuted the needling prediction of Ivory Crockett, who was eliminated in the semifinals.

Crockett, who holds the outdoor world record of nine seconds flat in the 100-yard dash, is a compact package of high energy who delights in putting on his fellow sprinters. "You gonna be back here tonight, crying in your confluents," he told Crawford after he beat the Trinidadian in a heat of the 60. But such gamesmanship and psyching, which used to be as important to sprinters as their starting blocks, are as old hat now as Charlie Greene and John Carlos, the retired heroes of the '60s. On the track none of the sprinters at the AAU meet talked before or after their races and none staged elaborate moves to gain a psychological advantage.

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"I wouldn't know a psych job if one were going on right in front of me," said Dr. Delano Meriwether, the 31-year-old hematologist who works in Washington for the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. He came in fifth in the 60.

"When you've been around as long as Steve Riddick, Hasely and me," Crockett admitted, "there ain't no such thing as a psych job. Everybody knows you, and they know what you can do."

Nonetheless, the American sprinters made a big impression on Italy's Pietro Mennea, the European 100- and 200-meter star, who said he was amazed by "the way they enter the races without fear or problem. I am very nervous. In Italy I have to win and win and win and get medals." Mennea was eliminated in his semifinal.

Russia's Yuri Silov, who won his heat and semifinal, was obviously tougher and considerably less fearful. "Why should I be afraid of the Americans after running against Valery Borzov?" said Silov. Undaunted, he finished sixth in the final, after Mike McFarland of Indiana almost stole the race with a superb start. Houston McFear, the high school junior from Milligan, Fla., was also out fast but Crawford and Williams passed both in the last yards. "My start wasn't good," Crawford said, "but it was all right. At 40 yards I thought I would win it."

"Hasely ran a good race," said Williams. "I just ran, ran, ran and got second. I'm tired of the indoor season. I'm ready for the outdoors." But he did add he would run in the Russian meet.

"I hadn't planned to run it because Borzov wasn't going to be there," he said. "But then I decided to, just to finish off the season. Indoor has been a learning experience. Every time I've lost, I've been shaded by a half-inch. If I'm a half-inch behind those other sprinters at 60 yards in a 100, they know the game is over."

And Francie Larrieu went to Richmond, too, despite her resentment of the AAU—for personal reasons, she explained. "I've definitely made up my mind to go," she said after the finish of the men's 1,000. "A very close friend of mine just made the team." The very close friend was Brian McElroy, whom Francie met at the Millrose Games. The two have been interested in one another ever since, despite the 3,000 miles of country usually separating them.

Happily for the AAU, which had enough trouble already.

END

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## Growing weak by degrees

**Cold can be the death of you—  
even a drop of as little as 6°**

At 11 p.m. on Dec. 22, 1963 fire broke out aboard the Greek luxury liner *Lakonia* as it cruised the Atlantic near Madeira, and passengers and crew were forced into the water. The air temperature was over 60°, the sea almost 65° and rescue ships were in the area within a few hours. Nevertheless, 125 people died, 113 of these fatalities being attributed to hypothermia, the lowering of the body's inner heat, perhaps no more than 6° from the normal 98.6°.

The temperature of the hands and feet can drop 40° to 50° below normal body temperature without lasting harm. But a relatively small drop in the temperature of the body core will kill you; it makes no difference whether you're in water, the wilderness, a house out of fuel or a car out of gas.

The rule of thumb is that you can survive three weeks without food and three days or so without water, but without warmth you are lucky to last three hours. Though few people know it, the head is the most efficient portion of the body's heating system. A man who leaves his head unprotected, even in a minor wind, may lose up to one-half of the body's total heat production. There is an old mountaineer's maxim: "When your feet are cold, put on your hat."

Hypothermia is a danger even in mild temperatures, say between 30° and 50°. Indeed, the majority of cases develop in this seemingly harmless range. Being wet and in the wind at such temperatures can be fatal, for the thermal conductivity of water is 240 times that of still air.

The moment your body begins to lose heat faster than it produces it, hypothermia threatens. As heat loss continues, the temperature of the body's inner core falls below normal. Hands and arms (the extremities most needed in order to survive) are affected first. When body temperature drops to 95°, dexterity is reduced to the point where you cannot open a jack-knife or light a match.

According to recent research by the Mountain Rescue Association, the body reacts in a series of predictable ways when inner-core temperature falls. At 2.5° below normal, shivering begins, an automatic body process to create heat. But it takes energy to shiver—comparable to what is expended sawing wood—and the heat loss continues. The more the core temperature drops, the less efficient the brain becomes. Although you may have a pack on your back with a sleeping bag and food in it, you may not have the sense to use them.

If the core temperature drops to 94°, you will stop shivering but every now and then will experience uncontrollable shaking. Your system, automatically getting rid of carbon dioxide and lactic acid, also releases blood sugar and a little adrenaline, giving you a surge of energy, which causes the violent shaking. This last desperate effort by the body to produce heat utilizes a tremendous amount of energy.

"Now," you think, "I must be getting warmer because I am not shivering anymore." By this time you are pretty irrational. If someone were to ask you your name and telephone number, you prob-

ably wouldn't know them, for the brain has become numb.

If nothing is done, death usually occurs within 1½ hours after the shivering starts. In fact, a shivering person can go from fatigue to exhaustion to cooling beyond the recovery point so quickly he may perish before rescuers can build a shelter or get a fire started.

The speed with which hypothermia develops depends on the amount of energy available at the onset of the survival situation. If you were warm and fresh when the plane crash-landed or the car broke down, your energy reserves may be considerable. If, however, you were hiking in rugged terrain most of the day, you surely have a depleted supply of energy. The trick is to use your brain to conserve what energy remains. This is done by limiting muscular action and reducing body heat loss.

Clothing is important primarily for the insulation it provides by creating a dead air space between your warm body and the air outside. There is no clothing that is effective in every situation. Duck down, best for stopping wind, is no use when wet. The clear plastic covering that protects against rain is not, by itself, a good insulator against cold. Before braving the elements, learn which clothes are merely "bulk" and which will keep you warm.

Wool has the peculiar virtue of drying from within, keeping the body warm even when wet. Never wear jeans when there is any possibility of exposure to cold. Gene Fear, Chairman of the President's



Council on Mountain Safety, says: "If we could just get the jeans off them we could save a lot of lives." Denim is relatively loose-woven. It not only allows water to penetrate but permits wind to blow away warm air that should remain trapped between body and clothing. Cotton absorbs water like a wick and quickly becomes soaking wet. If even an inch of cotton sweat shirt extends beyond the sleeve of one's rain gear, water will be drawn up until the whole sleeve is sopping.

If you find yourself without proper protection, use your wits. Lives have been saved by the knowledge that clothing may be padded with any soft, fluffy or relatively bulky material. Dry grass, moss, cattail down and milkweed have all been used as emergency insulation. Pieces of paper packed inside your clothes are also helpful.

Dry clothing and adequate shelter are the keys to survival. But it may take too much energy to collect materials and build a shelter which, in the end, may be insufficient to conserve body heat. It may be better to emulate the chipmunk, scooping out a body-size cave under a downed log where you can stay dry and insulated against the cold.

The threat of hypothermia is not confined to winter months. Even on warm summer days you must be prepared for cold wet winds. In late August of 1959 Alfred Whipple Jr., 20, and Sidney Crouch Jr., 21, became stranded on Cannon Mountain cliff, a sheer rock face near the Lafayette campgrounds in New Hampshire. Even as rescuers tried to reach them, strong winds and rain closed in. Before the lightly clad youths could be reached, their body temperatures had been so reduced by 38° driving rain that both died shortly after a rescue team found them. At a loss, authorities finally labeled the cause of death "exposure to nonfreezing cold."

Uncounted numbers of Americans are exploring the wilderness these days, in cars and trucks, on motorbikes and snowmobiles, in small private planes. Too many of them fail to realize that with such motorized transportation you can penetrate farther into the wilderness in 30 minutes (less in an airplane) than you can walk out alive.

When stranded during a storm in a car or truck, you are well advised to stay

where you are. Even after the fuel tank has run dry and the heater no longer works, you will still have a wealth of resources. An automobile has seats and insulation that can be torn up and made into sleeping bags and padding. The crankcase oil and the tires will burn. Mirrors can signal aircraft. If you will use your wits and resist the temptation to panic, you can remain safe and reasonably warm until help comes.

Hypothermia can occur wherever the wind blows, but what isn't obvious is that it also can happen in the home. With inflation elderly people often cannot afford to buy simple things like fuel and nourishing food. In bad weather they can suffer hypothermia.

A Eugene, Ore. physician thinks hypothermia could explain many puzzling drownings, particularly among the young. Dr. Latham Flanagan Jr. says, "You hear of a lot of cases where kids, known to be good swimmers, suddenly stop swimming and sink out of sight. Most cases seem to happen around Memorial Day or the Fourth of July. We think the reason is that the water is still very cold at that time. The swimmer's body temperature drops 6° to 8°, his mind slows down and he becomes irrational. He can't remember where he is going or why."

Lieut. Commander A. B. Ford of the U.S. Coast Guard Office of Boating Safety says, "I am of the opinion that hypothermia plays a greater role in boating fatalities than would be apparent by the casualty reports, because in most cases drowning is the listed cause. In most of the cases there are no witnesses or survivors to explain the actual circumstances."

Hypothermia warning signs include intense shivering, poor coordination, stumbling, thickness of speech and loss of memory. Even mild symptoms demand immediate, drastic treatment. The best procedure is to submerge the victim in a tub of hot water and, if he is conscious, to force him to drink quarts of warm, heavily sugared liquids or beef broth. In the field, if symptoms of advanced hypothermia are evident, the victim should not be moved from the spot until treatment has been given.

If symptoms are mild, get the victim into the best available shelter. Replace wet clothing with dry and put as much

insulation as you can between him and the ground. Try to keep him awake while administering liquids. If there are no dry clothes to put on him, strip him and place him in a sleeping bag with another person (also strapped). If you have a double bag, put the victim between two warm people. Skin-to-skin contact is an effective field treatment.

Recent findings suggest that loss of life from immersion hypothermia could be avoided if knowledge of its hazards was more widespread. In a boating accident put on warm clothing, if possible, as well as a life-jacket (experiments show that damp clothing can provide considerable thermal insulation when submerged) and, once clear of the craft, float unless land is close enough to reach by swimming. Many of those who swam unnecessarily after leaving the *Lakonia* exhausted themselves, accelerating the fall in their body temperature.

Hypothermia is deadly because it is so subtle. We have all shivered at some time, with no discernible harm, because shelter and warmth were nearby or we had plenty of energy reserves to produce heat for a long time. What one rarely remembers about hypothermia is its effect on the mind.

In April 1968, bush pilot Robert Gauthier was discovered alive in the arctic wilderness of Canada's Northwest Territories, 58 days after his light plane had gone down. The 39-year-old Gauthier had been overlooked in the intensive search that had followed his disappearance on Feb. 2. Although he was 50 pounds lighter and his feet were frostbitten, he was in good condition. He told rescuers he had made a normal landing after his plane ran out of fuel. He had hardly ventured out of the plane, fearing wolves he had seen outside, and existed on emergency rations and a supply of raw fish he was carrying as freight. The temperature had fallen, at times, to 60° below and was seldom above zero during the ordeal. Had he tried to walk out in winter, Gauthier would have perished within hours.

Few of us will ever have to face this sort of ordeal, but the rules for survival are the same, no matter where the emergency develops. The strongest are not always the ones who live. Most likely it will be those who think clearly. Your brain is your best survival tool. **END**

Three months ago the WHA's Chicago Cougars were about to become defunct or go to Baltimore. There just seemed to be no way that the team could continue to operate in Chicago. For one thing, the owners, Jordon and Walter Kaiser, after losing almost \$4 million in 2½ years, had decided to unplug their money machine. For another, the Cougars' planned new arena in suburban Rosemont had melted away in the heat of local politics. Finally, how could any team survive while playing its home games at the International Amphitheatre hard by the malodorous stockyards?

But when the WHA volunteered Baltimore as a new home for the Cougars, three of the best players balked. Player-coach Pat Stapleton, Center Ralph Backstrom and Goaltender Dave Dryden all pointed to fine-print clauses in their contracts that stipulated they did not have to accompany the Cougars in the event of a franchise shift. And without Stapleton, Backstrom and Dryden, the Cougars were hardly worth the price of a gallon of gas. "Because we wouldn't go to Baltimore," Dryden says, "we felt we had an obligation to the other 20 players on the team. I mean, the other option was to disband the club."

So, in an unprecedented move, the three players and their attorney, Jeff Rosen, pooled their loose cash and bought the Cougars. "The price was cheap," says Backstrom. In fact, the new owners probably put up less than \$100,000 in cash and the terms were what your local used-car dealer would call friendly. Says Rosen, "The WHA has promised to swallow some of our losses, if we have any losses in the end." Adds Stapleton, who as player-coach-owner leads all professional sports in hyphens earned, "The best thing is that the franchise came clean. We are not responsible for debts incurred by the previous owners."

What Stapleton, Dryden, Backstrom and Rosen bought was time. "Before the start of next season," Stapleton says, "one of three things will have happened to the Cougars: we will have sold the franchise and will be playing in another city; we will be playing at the Amphitheatre while waiting for a new building to be completed; or we will be defunct." The Baltimore option is out, the WHA having moved the Michigan Stags there in February. The likelihood is that the players will sell the Cougars to one of the interested parties that have surfaced in Ottawa,

## Speculating in a used Cougar

**The three players who bought a WHA franchise don't know if they got a good deal or a lemon**

wa, Calgary and Miami. Last week Stapleton and Rosen spent 36 hours in a Miami Beach hotel suite with prospective buyers, including a transplanted Chicago millionaire who supposedly said he was tired of seeing ice only in his cocktail glass. Miami, however, lacks a suitable facility for pro hockey. "We are really hoping to get a new building in Chicago," says Stapleton, who owns two small skating rinks in the city's western suburbs. "We want to stay in Chicago." What about trying to rent Chicago Stadium, home of the Chicago Black Hawks? Stapleton laughs. "All three of us once played for the Black Hawks," he says. "They don't even want us in the town."

On the ice the Cougars have played surprisingly well in recent weeks despite the frequent absences of Stapleton (sore shoulder) and Backstrom (pulled groin muscle). Before last Saturday night's 4-2 loss to the Aeros in Houston the Cougars had launched a playoff drive, winning five straight games—including three in overtime and another with just six seconds remaining in regulation time—to pull within three points of second-place Cleveland in the WHA East. They also have produced one of the game's top rookies, 20-year-old Center Gary MacGregor, who spurned the Montreal Canadiens to sign with the Cougars. MacGregor leads Chicago with 35 goals and 30 assists and, says Stapleton, "plays like a young Stan Mikita."

Off the ice Dryden and Backstrom handle administrative duties. Stapleton deals with the playing personnel, and Rosen manages the books. "I'm now seeing what's killing the game—phenomenal salaries and travel costs," says Dry-

den, who, like his playing partners, commands a six-figure salary. "I told my brother Ken [Montreal Canadiens goaltender] that I could lose a fair chunk of money in this deal, that a loss of \$100,000 was not out of line. He really panicked."

Rosen, meanwhile, has cut financial corners at every turn. The day the purchase deal was closed, he moved the Cougars from a suite of plush offices overlooking Michigan Avenue to a back room at Stapleton's ice rink in Carol Stream. Then he trimmed the office staff from 17 to three, eliminated the scouting department, ordered the pregame freeloader room for the media closed and disposed of expense accounts. "I know we have the lowest operating overhead in hockey," says Rosen. "Unfortunately, it is really lower than it should be, but you need cash to operate—and we don't have a lot of cash."

Rosen estimates that the Cougars must average at least 9,000 fans at each home game to break even. For the last few months, though, the team has averaged fewer than 3,500 and much of the income does not appear on the new owners' books. "According to the purchase agreement, the Kaisers got to keep all the season-ticket money," Rosen says. "So we are surviving, or trying to, on the live dollars from the gate." Those live dollars total about \$5,500 per game, Rosen says, minus the Amphitheatre's rental charge of about \$1,200 per date. "We don't share in the concessions or the parking," he says, "so we wind up with an average per-game net of about \$4,000. Now consider our expenses. The monthly player payroll is \$110,000. It should be higher, but we asked the players to spread their paydays over 12 months instead of six—and they were happy to help us out. Our travel expenses run about \$20,000 a month, and the office overhead goes about \$10,000. So our monthly expenses run almost \$150,000. In the same time we play perhaps seven home games at \$4,000 net per game—\$28,000. In other words, we operate at a net loss of about \$120,000 per month for now."

Sunning himself under the hot sun recently, Stapleton shuddered at the mention of that monthly deficit. "The other day," he said, "one of the players was kidding me and saying that we ought to put in a profit-sharing plan for all the team. I told him we'd be glad to do it, as long as they'd let us put in a loss-sharing plan, too."



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A woman with short, curly blonde hair is performing a pole routine. She is wearing a black long-sleeved leotard with red trim at the cuffs and a pair of pink tights. She is holding onto a silver pole with both hands, and her body is arched back, with her legs extended downwards. The background is a green wall with horizontal wooden slats.

# FIGHT, LADIES, FIGHT!

The question is how. While relishing sport, Penn State women reflect attitudes that are both ruthless and relaxed  
by PAT JORDAN



**T**here is the sound of a cello. Soft, slow, somber, it fills the room, which is bright with polished chrome and glass and white paint and overhead lights that cast no shadows. It is a large, high room with a gigantic mirror that rises almost to the ceiling. Standing before the mirror is a girl in black tights, a member of the Penn State gymnastics team. She is poised on the toes of one leg as if about to pirouette. She stares at her image, her arms in a halo around her head, her legs forming a perfect figure 4, and then, slowly, she begins to turn.

Across the room, near parallel bars that catch light and images and reflect them in silver slivers, a teammate is tying a heavy towel around her stomach, which has begun to swell from the force with which it *crashboard*

*Gymnast Karen Schwabman is somersaulting back into form; Shooter Sherri Landes, setting her sights on the male team, is on target and on top.*



## FIGHT, LADIES *continued*

whacks the bars during her routine.

The coach, a tall woman named Judi Avener, waits at the end of a 75-foot mat. She taps her toe impatiently and calls out, "Anytime, Karen." At the other end of the strip a girl who looks too heavy to be a gymnast and a little too soft is standing, head lowered and eyes closed as if lost in the sounds of the cello. Her arms are rigid at her sides, fists clenched and legs pressed tightly together.

"Whenever, Karen," calls the coach, who was an All-America gymnast at Springfield College at the age of 21. The girl, Karen Schuckman, was an Olympic-class gymnast at 15. For 10 years her life was consumed by her sport, until, at 16, she retired from competition. She returned to gymnastics when she enrolled at Penn State in 1973 as an East Asian Studies major, and in the fall of '74 became one of 17 women to be granted athletic scholarships, the first such scholar-

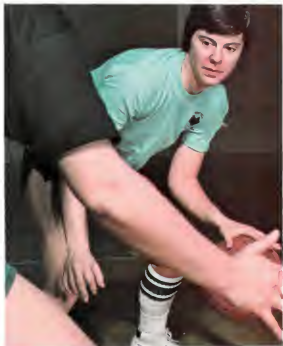
ships in the school's history. As a freshman, Karen Schuckman was undefeated in collegiate gymnastics. She is the most visibly successful of all Penn State's women athletes and the first to receive national recognition. She thinks little of her achievement. "We used to laugh at college gymnastics when I was 14," she says.

Schuckman raises her head and opens her eyes. The coach steps off the mat. Schuckman stares down the runway at the leather horse that her coach has been leaning against. And then, suddenly, she is off, racing toward the horse with lengthening strides, building speed, her eyes wide, her mouth open and pulled back and down into her jaw. When she reaches the horse she leaps—aided in flight by her coach's supporting hands on her stomach—and performs a not-quite-perfect handspring about five feet above the horse, landing

on a padded mat on the other side. She thuds down on her heels with such force that the shock travels up the spine of a bystander.

Once she leaves the gymnastics room dressed in rumpled corduroy slacks and a Capezio T shirt, Karen Schuckman seems to diminish in size from the girl who spilled out of her purple tights and appeared too big for gymnastics. She seems to have grown slack, to have lost her tenseness, all of that steely drawing up of mental and physical resources so evident when she is performing her routines. She walks about the Penn State campus with a deferential slouch, eyes down, as if, by not seeing, she could become invisible. Though her sport demands an extremely strong ego, she appears to lack self-confidence. She brushes

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEPHEN GREEN-ARMYTAG



The career of Big Gloe Mayher (left) was dimmed by recruited, rattle-dazzle freshmen, but hockey star Barbara Doran is all smiles at the new days and new ways.

off her successes at Penn State, as if embarrassed by them.

"I don't think gymnastics is very healthy for your body," she says. "It puts unnatural stresses and strains on you. My back has been bothering me lately. But when you turn upside down like that you get a terrific rush of blood to your head. It produces a physical high. That's the thing I remember as a child. I used to love the feeling I got when I stood on my head or hung upside down from a tree limb or did cartwheels. The mental part comes later. The satisfaction from beating someone. That's when it starts to mess you up."

In 1972 Karen was competing for a berth on the U.S. Olympic team. Her days and nights were filled with gymnastics. After school she traveled for an hour from her home in West Hartford, Conn. to New Haven, where she taught gymnastics for two hours to children younger than herself. "The feeling is that by teaching others you learn why you do things," she says. After those sessions, Karen practiced for four hours, seldom arriving home before 11 p.m. On weekends she competed in various AAU events around the country. She was the AAU Junior National Champion when she was in the ninth grade.

"I don't think it was very conducive to the psychological health of a 13-year-old," Schuckman says now. "It would have been hard on anyone, much less a young girl. I was always worn out physically. My parents didn't think the atmosphere was healthy. There were a lot of far-out people in the sport. They were mostly older. People I had strong feelings for were 10 years older than I was. My first boyfriend was 23. I was 15. I looked at my friends in school and saw what they were doing and realized what a warped social life I had. As a young kid you don't understand what's happening, how you got there, the route you took. You know only that you started to do it because it was fun and then you had a guide who led you and you just followed."

Like most athletes of Olympic caliber, Schuckman first discovered the extent of her talent as a pre-teen. She was told she had a greater gift than she realized, but that it could be fulfilled only if she surrendered unquestioningly into a coach's hands. When Schuckman acquiesced at the age of 10, her coaches (she had two)

became the dominant force in her life and remained so for the next six years. Such relationships between young girls and their coaches are common in Olympic circles and usually result in the athlete developing an emotional dependence that transcends sport. If that coach is a man, as was the case with Anne Henning, the Olympic speed skater, he may become like a father.

Karen Schuckman's coach from 13 to 16 was Muriel Davis Grossfeld, who has a reputation for being a severe taskmaster. Asked about her three years under Grossfeld, Schuckman only says, "Muriel has all kinds of reputations and I don't want to contribute to them either way. She's wonderful at getting the best out of you. She derives a great satisfaction from coaching, only I'm not sure where that satisfaction really derives from."

For several years Karen found it pleasant to surrender the distracting and minor details of her daily life to Grossfeld's custodianship, but as she matured and grew more assertive the two came into conflict. "Muriel is a very dominating person," says Karen in an unguarded moment. "She wants to be the controlling force in your life. She didn't like it when I started having friends outside of the sport. It was then that I began to question what I was doing." Karen's estrangement grew and she became disenchanted with her Olympic quest. During the 1972 Olympic Trials she was emotionally drained and suffering from a painful back but nonetheless was being considered at least as an Olympic alternate. However, her more independent life-style had attracted the disfavor of what she calls "important political figures in gymnastics. They didn't like the image I was projecting. I was told that if I reformed my image I might make the team. At that point I just

wanted to go home and forget the whole thing. It had been so much fun at first, I quit."

Karen enrolled at Penn State a year later with only a vague intention of returning to gymnastics. In fact, one of the reasons she chose Penn State was that "its women's team was crummy." In her freshman year it was apparent that there would be little pressure on her so she resumed gymnastic competition. "I finally got things together," she says. "I love the sport and was so glad I could get another chance. It gave me the opportunity to be self-motivated, to start my career over when I was much less likely to be led astray. College is such a good place to be right now. It's fun to be able to do something that your body's good at and which gives people enjoyment to watch."

continued



Peewee Lisa Grissler's point; women have a certain style

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## FIGHT, LADIES

It would be nice to have the same quality of gymnastics in college as before, but without the Olympic pressure. But I'm more interested in the sport now as an esthetic rather than a competitive thing. I want to get into professional dancing. I'm working with a group of musicians who have developed the score for my freestyle routines. The music is as important as my gymnastics. Each enhances the other.

"There's no pressure at Penn State to produce a national championship or anything like that. At least there hasn't been up till now. The feeling among women is that scholarships give us a chance to compete and go to school for free. I'm not really involved in women's sports here; my attitude sort of divorces me from it. But I've had a lot to do with up-grading women's sports at the university because I'm the first to stand out as an athlete. I get publicity and recognition equal to any athlete here. They've used me, too. They made me an All-America at Penn State, the first time ever for a woman."

Last week, three months after Karen Schuckman had thought she "was changing sport at Penn State just by being what I am," she found herself wondering that that indeed was so. The pressure to win suddenly had become severe. "The coach is pushing my development unnaturally," she said. "Penn State wants to be champion."

**S**herri Landes, the shooter, is sprawled on the concrete floor of the rifle range. She has not moved a muscle in eight seconds. Her spine is arched backward, her chest about eight inches off the floor. In her arms, fondled with real tenderness, is a .22-caliber rifle. She focuses her right eye on a target 50 feet away, a bull's-eye on a square of paper the size of a dinner napkin. The bull's-eye looms so large and fuzzy in her sight that she cannot see its outer circles but only two inner circles and the core itself, a spot the size of a bottle cap. Staring through the sights, she reaches up with her right hand to make an adjustment. The circles contract and the spot shrinks to a clean dark dot no bigger than a match head.

More seconds pass and still the shooter has hardly twitched. She can hold this pose perfectly because of her shooter's

jacket, which is so tightly fitted she can buckle it only by sucking in her stomach until it hurts. It restricts every movement save one: when she raises her arms into a firing position it helps to lock her shoulders in place, so that she can be motionless without being weary by the rifle's 16 pounds. Her hair is pinned in a bun and her ears are covered by plastic earmuffs resembling an aviator's headset. After 15 seconds Sherri Landes stops breathing. She does not draw a breath for eight more seconds, until finally she fires. She does not hear the rifle's pop nor the sound of the ejected shell casing tinkling like glass on the concrete, nor does she see the spray of sand kicked up behind the target, nor smell the burned sulphur of the cartridge. She is conscious only of the tiny prickle that appears  $\frac{1}{2}$  of an inch to the right of the dot after she squeezes the trigger. She sighs, relaxes, but still holds her pose. She talks to herself in whispers, "Nice, girl. . . . Nice shot . . . ." rearranges her weight on the floor, rotates her neck and shifts her shoulders inside the jacket. Then she grows still again and prepares for her next shot.

After 10 shots (there are that many small bull's-eyes on each target paper) the shooter pushes a button and the target moves toward her on a long wire, a piece of wash drawn in on a clothesline. Picking the target from the wire, she examines it and stands up. She takes off her earmuffs and for the first time becomes conscious of the loud pops echoing around her and the ejected shells falling on the concrete as the other members of the Penn State rifle team—most of them men—practice in this small, square, low-ceilinged room equipped with 10 firing lanes, like a bowling alley.

Sherri Landes picks bobby pins from her hair and it falls below her shoulders. She unhuckles her jacket and lets out a whoosh of breath. "I've got to lose some weight," she says. "I'm out of shape. Do you know it cost me \$30 just to have this jacket fitted right? The tailor had such trouble he swore he'd never do it again." She gestures with her head toward her teammates. "I've got three times more equipment than they do. I don't know, I clean out my locker but the pile seems to grow. They mostly use the school's rifles. I have my own. It's worth \$400. I keep it under my bed at home sometimes. I'm always cleaning it and playing with

it. It's so pretty! I love my rifle! I'm different, I guess. I'm not like them. They're just on the rifle team. I'm a shooter."

The following morning, Sherri Lynn Landes, a 19-year-old sophomore, has breakfast at the Nittany Lion Inn. Her eyelids are slightly blue and she is wearing lipstick. "It was the most natural thing in the world for me to pick up a gun," she says. "My father was a member of the Pennsylvania high-power rifle team in 1965. When I was six he used to take me to meets and I used to shoot tin cans with a BB gun. I couldn't cock it, though. A man always had to help me. Everyone thought I was cute. I guess it was just a way of getting attention then. But my interest in the sport lasted, I've been a shooter ever since."

"There weren't any girls in my neighborhood. I played kickball and basketball with the guys. Guys can do such neat stuff, can't they? Girls are always being told they can't do this or that, we might get hurt. A shooter was one of my buddies until I started beating him in matches. Then he got into cars. I feel kind of bad about him, destroying a male ego and all."

"I don't consider myself a very feminine person, you know. I mean, when I put on my gear I look like a guy. I act like a guy. I never thought much about being a girl until I came to Penn State. They wouldn't give me a scholarship because they said they didn't give scholarships to guys in riflery, so why a girl, I said, why not? Football players get scholarships and girls can't play football, so we ought to be given scholarships in other sports. Last year I had the highest shooting average on both the guys' and the girls' teams. I tried to get on the men's team as a freshman. They said no and sent me to the girls' team. I wasn't very motivated there. I'd consider it an insult to be beaten by a girl! I've been beating guys for years. Anyway, I had a match average of 277 out of a possible 300, which was about three points lower than I should have had. That average was better than anyone's on the guys' team, though. This year the rules were changed. The girls' team was eliminated, which means a lot of women are not shooting. Only two others have made the guys' traveling team."

"I love the competition and the people, but most of all it's a matter of personal pride. You can see yourself getting

continued

## FIGHT, LADIES

better, approaching 300, the perfect score. It's *possible* to be perfect. And you can match your scores with anyone throughout the world. People think to be a great shooter you need terrific eyesight, but you don't. You just line up that circle with the sight, that's all. However, if you're shooting outside, the wind affects the shot. Usually you pick a prevailing condition, like a northeast gust or something, and adjust your sight for that and then wait until it comes before you fire. Some people have wind gauges like tiny windmills. Mostly, though, a good shooter needs reflexes, hand-to-eye coordination. And concentration. I go into a fog when aiming. The concentration is so deep I won't remember shooting at the target. You feel no sensation. It's as if you are dead. You stop breathing because breathing throws off the shot. Everything slows down, your heart, blood, head. Even when you're loading or adjusting sights you do it slowly, methodically. You get into a pattern, doing everything the same way on every shot. And when you finally stop and look at the target, you say, 'My God, how did I shoot that! It's a perfect pitwheel, a perfect 10!' When you're thinking about shooting or aiming you're not concentrating. When you hit a 10 you remember nothing.

"A rifle can get on your nerves if you're not controlled. Rifle people tend to be tolerant, easygoing, not hotheads. We enjoy life. Before a meet we lounge around and talk, mostly garbage about shooting. We don't eat, drink soda or coffee, or smoke. Nothing that'll give us energy or make us nervous. No physical activity at all. You want to drain your energy away. Some guys swear they shoot best while hung over; they're completely relaxed, mentally exhausted. If a person is too physically fit he tends to muscle a rifle, which is bad. That's why girls are able to be better shooters than guys. You give a guy a rifle and he grabs it right away to show he's a man. Girls don't do that; they cradle a rifle, hold it gently. They're a little afraid of rifles because they don't pick them up as kids. Also, women benefit considerably from having a lower center of balance.

"Guys tend to choke in competition. They shoot well in practice and then just fall apart. There's unbelievable pressure in a match. I love it. I shoot better in a match than in practice. Girls generally



**After a bad round,  
have a good one.**



do. We have less to lose in competition. We're not supposed to win. But a guy, well, he's got his ego and all. He must prove he's a man when he shoots. That makes him choke. That's why, when I shoot against guys, I like to compete right alongside my toughest opponents. If you're a girl and you look like you know what you're doing it really freaks 'em out. They watch and get upset and I just go methodically through my pattern. Beating guys turns me on.

"My language deteriorates during a match. It's from shooting with older guys during the summer, men who work with their hands—electricians, carpenters, masons, crude guys, I guess. They're not high-strung, like executive types who could never be shooters. Those people are unable to relax. They shoot while still thinking about their jobs. The earthy guys work from 9 to 5 and that's it. They don't take their jobs to matches. Also they tend to work with machines and a rifle's just a machine. A beautiful machine! It amazes me. Everything on it is so necessary, practical. Pistols scare me, I don't like to touch them. They're weapons. My rifle, now, it's just like a golf club to me. It's something I use to throw bullets at a target. Whenever I pick it up, I think *target*, not *kill*. Why, if someone broke into my room at night, it wouldn't even occur to me to pick up my rifle to scare him off."

**B**ig Gloe is pacing herself. It is only the second week of basketball practice and she does not want to peak too soon. "I'm testing the freshmen," she says.

A 21-year-old junior, Gloria Moyher, a lifetime-old forward, played regularly on Penn State's scholarship p-free women's varsity basketball team. This season, with the arrival of talented freshmen, two of whom received athletic scholarships, Moyher finds herself relegated to the bench. "Sixth man, maybe seventh," she says. "And I don't like it."

Before practice begins each afternoon at White gymnasium, Gloe dribbles off to an unoccupied corner basket and practices alone. She is wearing low-cut white sneakers, high striped sweat socks, red shorts and a blue T shirt with U.S. MARINE CORPS stenciled across the front. She is big, solidly built, yet without the well-defined muscles of a man.

She stands almost 5'10" and weighs 150 pounds. She delivers such information without a blush or a pause, as any athlete would. And unlike many tall women, she does not slouch. In fact, she carries herself so upright that she seems to strain for additional height.

Her prepractice routine seldom varies. She stands at the foul line with her back to the basket. She pauses and then fakes left and dribbles right. She stops 10 feet from the basket and pulls up for a jump shot. Her feet barely leave the court. She pushes the ball off the heel of her palm, rather than flicking it off her fingertips. The ball rotates slowly in an extremely high arc before it falls straight down, swish, through the basket.

During intersquad scrimmages she moves cautiously. Lumbering is the word that best describes her pace. Gloe cannot instantly halt or alter the direction of her momentum. Possibly her slowness stems from thinking a great deal on the court rather than just cutting and driving, as does Pat Daley, a freshman on scholarship. Daley is tall and spindly, with pigtails that stick out comically from the sides of her head. She does not look like an athlete, certainly not as much as Gloe does, and yet in high school Daley was a high jumper, sprinter and basketball player. Scrimmaging now, she is in perpetual motion, driving, feeding off, rebounding, penetrating, always forcing the action, generating momentum without thinking. "She's hustling a lot more than I am," says Gloe. "I'm just biding my time."

Gloe comes to life only briefly during the scrimmage. At one point she finds herself at the foul line, her back to the basket, a smaller opponent guarding her. She calls out for the ball, gets it, pauses, fakes left, drives right, pulls up, swish.

At 21, with her athletic career about to come to a close, Gloria Moyher finds herself a modestly talented athlete who, given different circumstances, might have become very good (never great, however, since she moves too slowly and deliberately). Still, she is not what she could have been. As a young girl, she competed equally with boys her own age. She was welcomed in their games because, as the boys put it, "You are as good as any of us."

"I played sports in a casual way," she says. "I never thought of training all year round for one sport. I played football in

the fall, basketball in the winter, baseball in the summer. I just followed the cycle the way any kid does."

When she reached her teens, Gloe found that while the boys her age were being encouraged to continue in sports, she was being discouraged. Her high school had no interscholastic athletic program for girls. Without competition, her talent, which up till then had kept pace with that of boys, began to fade.

"I'm always before my time," she says. "After I graduated from high school a good girls' athletic program was established. When I first came to Penn State there was no emphasis on women's sports. The philosophy then was women compete in sport to have fun, to make friends and at all times to be a lady. 'Oh, excuse me for stepping on your foot, dear!' That kind of thing. Now that I'm graduating, women are being given athletic scholarships and the thinking is, women can compete on a highly skilled level. We can't be as skilled as men but we can achieve a certain degree of proficiency compatible to our bodies. Success in men's sports is supposed to be measured by the degree of skill they achieve. Actually, I think it's measured by gate receipts."

"That's one of the hassles women will have to avoid. For example, our basketball team is scheduled to play in the Steel Bowl tournament prior to the men's games. We are to be used as a gimmick to get people to go see the men play. I think scholarships for women athletes are good as long as their purpose is to give someone an opportunity to go to school who couldn't afford it. I don't think of them as being used to buy talent to make money for the school."

"I'll be graduated soon and commissioned a second lieutenant in the Marines. It's possible I'll even have men under my command. But so far as sports is concerned, it's all come too late."

**T**he fence, a gangling young woman, lunges wildly at her smaller opponent. The opponent wards off the thrust and parries with a disdainful backhand flick of the foil. She rips off her cage-like mask and jams it in her armpit. "I will not have that," she says in measured tones. "Do you understand? I will not have my girls fencing that way." She is a woman who finds

continued

## FIGHT, LADIES continued

comfort in neatly trimmed edges and so clips off the final letter of every word with a precise snip. The student nods. Her opponent is Beth Cramer, the coach of the women's team. Cramer is a rigidly upright woman, very attractive in a Town and Country, Hunt Club way—no make-up, trim, athletic and sturdy, very sturdy. She taps her foil on the floor of the gymnasium and says, "I am serious. If you persist I will not fence you in a bout." She pulls her webbed mask from under her arm, flips it over her face and assumes her stance.

Watching from the sidelines, Lisa Geisler, a 20-year-old political-science and Russian major and the squad's No. 1 fencer, says, "No one calls her Beth. It's Mrs. Cramer. She's very proper. When the team goes away to fence we have to dress accordingly. We must represent the school in a dignified manner," Mrs. Cramer says. Once at an airport we were asked if we were from a convent. "While talking, Lisa Geisler is poised in the aristocratic, almost haughty, stance of a fencer. Her mask is tucked under one arm, while the other arm is extended from her body, the hand limp as if about to be kissed. In it she holds her foil like a brittle cane, its tip balanced lightly on the floor. Her feet are curiously paired as if she were preparing to walk both north and west at the same time.

Like the others, she is wearing a chest protector, basketball shorts and striped sweat socks. She is well-built, with exceptionally strong legs. "Mrs. Cramer won't fence us if we don't have a good style," she continues. "Even if we can win a bout, Mrs. Cramer still won't put us out there if we'll embarrass her. That's what first attracted me to fencing—the style and the strategy. There's nothing instinctive about it. Those who fence on instinct can do only so well and after that their instincts won't do what quick thinking will. Smart people make the best fencers on the strip. For instance, one of our squad is a classics major, an exceedingly tough discipline."

Lisa Geisler is going to be a lawyer. "Fencing is a courtroom," she says. She has an academic average of 3.8 out of a possible 4.0.

"Some fencers are prima donnas," she says. "They look arrogant when they come out on the strip. You have to stay on the mat when fencing, which limits

your movements to just forward and backward. If you step off the mat you're penalized. Fencing is very controlled. Sometimes, though, I'd like to go into an empty room with an opponent and have it out, like Errol Flynn. To some extent there is a blood and death attraction to the sport, though the foils are tipped and electrified. Mrs. Cramer makes us control that feeling, however. We're not encouraged to cheer when we score a touch, or cry out at a thrust, or even weep if we lose a bout. Everything must be contained. Occasionally I'll be struck by an opponent and she'll exclaim, 'Et/la!' And I wonder if at that moment she really isn't thinking, 'Kill!'

"I have trouble with wild opponents. They tend to draw me out. The men fencers at Penn State are not as controlled as we are. They use their strength and speed more, project it into the foil. They try to dominate physically. They're wilder coming onto the strip and have a different attitude. We look at fencing as a sport, as a matter of style, a way of improving ourselves. They look at it as a way to dominate, and the best approach when starting out is to hack away. The men prefer to win even at a loss of style. For us, style comes first. It's not really a man-woman thing. It's more a competition of styles. Ours is the style of the French masters. I worked with such a master and he taught me fine moves and controlled finger work. The better men fencers use this method. That's why I wouldn't like to see the men's and women's teams integrated. I like our approach better.

"We only fence the men for practice. We can normally hold our own against them. They don't get scholarships and neither do we. They didn't want them. I think we might be getting some soon although Mrs. Cramer worries that scholarships will cause friction among the girls. That's also why she seldom lets us fence each other. If we compete among ourselves we might not get along. I know a few girls who would like to knock me off, and I'd like the chance to put them in their place.

"I didn't fence before I came here and I probably won't be fencing after I leave. There really aren't that many opportunities for fencers unless you live near big cities, like Philly. Besides, if I wanted to continue, say to make the Olympic team, I'd have to give up everything for four

or five years—a fencer usually doesn't reach a peak until 30—and I'm not willing to do that."

Cramer summons Lisa Geisler to the strip. Lisa assumes her stance. Her knees are slightly bent, as if she is half contemplating sitting down. The foils cross, and then there is the quick click of steel as the bout commences. The women move slowly at first, their foil tips making small circles in the air, then darting forward, being parried with a click, retreating, making circles again, until finally Geisler takes the offensive. She advances on her coach amid the sounds of slashed air and clicking steel and the rhythmic *pu-ti-to-to-to-TAT* of feet slapping the mat. The final *TAT* comes on a strong lunge that causes the muscles in Geisler's thighs to quiver and propels her blade directly into Cramer's chest. "Good attack!" Cramer says. Now it is Geisler who is retreating and Cramer who is advancing. They continue to draw one another backward then forward on the mat as if their foils were magnetized, as if both were puppets drawn by the same hand in a meticulously choreographed ballet amid the slashing of air, the clicking of steel and the rhythmic slapping of feet.

In Lock Haven, Pa. on Saturday morning everyone eats the big breakfast, Egg McMuffin at McDonald's. One chill, misty morning last fall when the citizens arrived there at dawn as is their custom, they found dozens of women similarly dressed—white blouses with Peter Pan collars, plaid kilts and Adidas soccer shoes with plastic cleats that clattered on the tile floor like a thousand castanets. Waiting in line, the young women chatted with animation while leaning on field-hockey sticks. They represented various Pennsylvania colleges that had come to town to compete in a tournament whose first game that morning would begin at 8:30. Each team would play five games that day. At lunch, when they would be given an hour break, the women, hockey sticks over their shoulders like rifles, would walk the three-quarters of a mile back to McDonald's and then return to the field for the afternoon contests.

The hockey field, carved out of the mountains like the town itself, is walked in on three sides by jagged rock. A mist

hovered like a lid over the field early in the morning. From the sidelines the women appeared like black shadows moving against the backdrop of rising mountains. It wasn't until shafts of sunlight broke through and fanned out across the grass that the athletes were illuminated, if only for a fleeting moment, as they raced through beams of light in pursuit of the ball.

The games were played in an eerie half silence punctuated by the clack of stick against stick as opposing women fought to dig the ball out of the corners. They grunted and sweated, jostled one another amid warnings—"Keep your stick down, please!"—until finally, with a whack, one of them propelled the ball downfield. There was a sudden pounding of feet as the teams thundered after the ball, converging on a solitary goalie, gnomelike in her pads, small and defenseless in the net. The racing girls' legs churned like those of cyclists, their skirts flouncing like dancers', and yet, curiously, their upper bodies were held stiff, almost regal, heads up.

The teams were watched by a few dozen spectators, mostly resting players sprawled on blankets, sipping cups of coffee that they cradled in both hands. Occasionally, someone cheered: "Nicely cut, Peggy, nicely cut!" The cheers were rarely directed at any one team but usually at a well-executed maneuver by an individual player regardless of her team. In fact, the purpose of this tournament was not to bestow a championship but rather to pick the best players for an all-star team.

The most partial observers at each game were the coaches, one of whom had a decidedly English accent. Gillian Rattray of Penn State, a tanned, trim woman of 40, was dressed in a pantsuit, and she followed the action along the sidelines, walking casually, arms folded across her chest as if taking a stroll through her native countryside. She always trailed the action. Occasionally, she called out an exhortation—"Fight, ladies, fight!" in a quiet voice that carried across the misty field but contained little of the sense of urgency and admonishment that was in the phrase. Her chidings were like those of a slightly miffed schoolmistress.

It was Rattray who suggested that the women walk to McDonald's for lunch after some had played three games that morning. "The exercise will be good for

them," she said, with only a faint grin. "Keep them from getting stiff before the afternoon contests." The women accepted the rationale without complaint and took off cheerfully. Unlike most men in varsity sports, women, it seems, do not expect special considerations such as transportation and team meals. Nor do their coaches.

One night, for instance, Rattray was eating dinner in a well-known restaurant near the Penn State campus when a waiter approached, cleared his throat and, looking embarrassed, informed her that Joe Paterno had just entered the restaurant. "Isn't that nice?" she said, returning to her meal.

"You don't understand," the waiter said. "He's the football coach. This is his table."

"Well, aren't we lucky then, sitting at his table?"

"He always eats dinner on Thursdays at this table," added the waiter. "Would you move to another one?"

Rattray smiled. "You are kidding!" she said pleasantly. It was only when the waiter persisted that Rattray's companion found it necessary to inform him only half in jest that the lady was the field-hockey coach, a position which certainly took precedence over that of a mere football coach. Finally, the waiter retreated. Recalling that moment, Rattray smiles and, without rancor, says, "Can you imagine? Isn't that a scream?" Patsing, she adds, "Poor Joe."

One of Penn State's performers in the Lock Haven tournament was Barbara Doran, a 21-year-old senior half back from the Philadelphia suburb of Swarthmore who would eventually be picked for the Midwest All-Star team. Doran is one of three seniors on the Penn State hockey team to be given athletic scholarships in their final year. She also plays lacrosse, a sport she describes in esthetic terms—"constantly flowing, airborne, beautiful"—and once played on the Penn State basketball team but quit because of "personality clashes."

Perfectly at ease, Doran sits Indian-style on the sofa of a motel room in Lock Haven. She has a figure that tends toward the hourglass, popular during the '50s, rather than the pencil so prominent today, which might explain why she is dressed in a bulky sweat shirt, baggy carpenter's overalls and laborer's orange shoes. Her face, like her figure, is pretty

in a '50s way—large brown eyes, upturned nose, easy smile and, generally, the kind of soft, undistinctive good looks one remembers in Annette Funicello, Connie Francis and a thousand all-American cheerleaders, which, in high school, she was. "I'm very competitive," she says. "In high school the most competitive field open to girls was the cheerleading squad. I was the captain. I went steady with the football hero. He really was a nice guy."

Although her voice softens and she seems to blush, Barbara further claims that she is aggressive. As proof she cites her continued harassment, since freshman year, of the Penn State athletic department and the campus newspaper about their attitudes toward women in sport. Doran first espoused the cause in high school.

"I was more prominent as a cheerleader than as an athlete," she says. "In the afternoon I'd play field hockey or basketball before a few spectators and then rush home, put on my makeup and go cheer for the boys' teams before big crowds. I started to complain that the boys' teams had all the opportunities. I'd say to my coach, Miss Peck, a very demanding, aggressive woman, 'Why can't we have this or that?' and she'd say, 'We're not allowed to, that's all.' That really surprised me. Women coaches were always fierce with us, and yet they accepted second-rate status from the school administration and seemed timid around men."

"Anyway, in my senior year we finally got the opportunity to go to Europe for three weeks on a field-hockey tour. That's when I had my first fight with my boyfriend. Would you believe he had the guts to say we didn't deserve to go, that the football players should go, instead, because they're the ones who went out and sweated. That just burned me, the idea that girls don't—or shouldn't—sweat in sports. Women do tend to emphasize skill, finesse and grace rather than brute strength. Lacrosse, for example, is a graceful game when played by women and bears little or no resemblance to the more physical lacrosse that men play."

"Anyway, I got this reputation in high school. I figured things would change when I got to Penn State, liberal attitudes, and all. But after a few months I realized it was no different. I'm a creature

continued

# Coming your way... TIME's issue of July 4, 1776



**T**HE ENEMY is off Manhattan. The British seize Staten Island and prepare to invade the mainland. Near Wall Street, frenzied New Yorkers tear down George III's statue. And a delegate from Delaware gallops 80 miles through thunderstorms to Philadelphia to help make the Declaration of Independence unanimous.

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## FIGHT, LADIES

active-writing major so I began by sending letters to the sports editor asking why there were nine varsity women's sports and no coverage of them in the school paper. None of my letters were published, so I finally went looking for the editor. I made sure I was very sweet — "Oh, is the sports editor here, by any chance?" And there he was, a little rat hunched over a typewriter. It was cordial; we didn't want to antagonize one another. He said there wasn't sufficient interest in women's sports, and besides he only had live guys on the staff and no women reporters. I said, "Why not put a guy on women's sports?" He looked at me and said, "We have our ego, you know!" Well, finally I got a letter published by having a male friend of mine sign his name. By then I was getting so obsessed with the whole thing, I forgot what my purpose was. I took out an ad in the paper. I paid for it, thanking the sports staff for their inspiring, in-depth coverage of the Lady Lion lacrosse team, referring to the two four-line stories that had appeared that season. The paper offered to do an article on women's sports if I'd withdraw the advertisement. I refused."

Doran says the situation at Penn State has changed considerably since. The women now receive full coverage in the campus newspaper and, like male athletes, they are being given scholarships, although certainly not as many. And yet, Doran hopes scholarships will not bring with them the attendant pressures to win titles, in fact, that women's programs will not be run on the same level as the men's. She wants only that Penn State women be allowed to compete on an organized, proficient level.

Perhaps, after all, she is not the aggressive person she believes she is. She may be confusing as aggression merely a healthy and highly developed ego. Aggression, such as Bobby Fischer's drive to crush an opponent's ego, must find its fulfillment in another's destruction, but Barbara Doran seeks only recognition in her own right, at no other's expense.

"A philosophy like Bobby Fischer's may be why we've survived through the centuries," she says, "but it's not why women play sports. I never start a game thinking about winning or losing. I believe women have been right all these years. Sports is for personal human growth."

END

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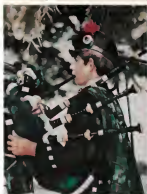


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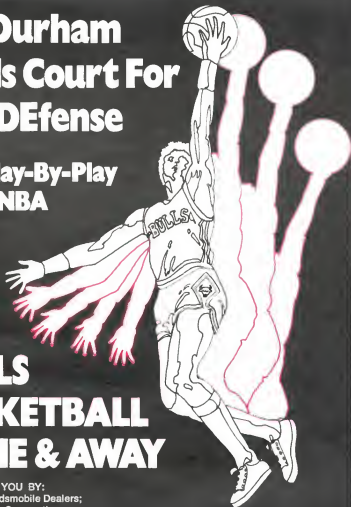


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Edited by GAY FLOOD

## FOR THE DOGS

Sir:

Tell me, are you running a can-cover contest for Alpo? Your Feb. 24 issue has to rank as one of your dumbest. Right smack in the midst of exciting basketball and hockey seasons, you've got a shaggy Rinty-Tan-Tin on your cover. If there's a "big itch" in the dog show world, let's keep the fleas in Madison Square Garden.

MICHAEL KANE

Vienna, Va.

Sir:

Wow! I've just read your Feb. 24 issue, and I am still in a state of shell shock. Dogs? Horser? Glamorized karts? Tugs-of-war? Wrestling? Finsboeing? Surely you jest. This isn't the SI I've been eagerly awaiting each Thursday for years. Hurry up, baseball! Who says it's not the national game?

PHILIP F. SMITH

White Plains, N.Y.

Sir:

As if bridge weren't enough.

MIKE NADOL

Milford, Conn.

Sir:

Regarding two recent cover photographs, we prefer the dames over the dogs.

JIM ALGERO, GREG GODIC,  
MARK BISHOP, GARY MANN,  
RICHARD HACKETT

Athens, Ohio

Sir:

Your Feb. 24 issue was perfect for my new puppy.

THOMAS F. STENSTRA

Palo Alto, Calif.

Sir:

After reading the article (*Lowdown on the Top Dogs*), I'd say it was a great shaggy-dog story.

CUNT JUEL

Hahn, Germany

Sir:

I enjoyed your article on Westminster. However, I think you should have made it even clearer that Captain Arthur J. Haggerty was ringside judging, which is a pretty precarious practice, even for one as experienced as Haggerty. Your article made all of the judges look ignorant because they didn't have the sense to pick Haggerty's ringside choice. You can tell much by movement, but

there is a lot hidden under those gorgeous coats and inside the mouths that only the judge who has gone over the dog could know.

Winning best-in-show at Westminster is a very big honor. It would be sad to have any of this esteem taken away from the Old English sheepdog by Haggerty's remarks.

MAS. C. M. SUNDERLAND

Jacksonville, Fla.

Sir:

I suggest that if Captain Haggerty finds a way to keep an Old English's muzzle clean (barring a face-wash after every meal), he let the world in on the secret. Of course, Haggerty would prefer the miniature pinscher—neither has much hair.

LYN MARKER

Zanesfield, Ohio

Sir:

I agree with Captain Haggerty that temperament should play an important role in the decision of whether or not to breed a specific animal. After his discourses on the importance of temperament and the "aggressiveness" of the Old English sheepdog, he states that Ch. Sir Lancelot of Barvan had a "dirty muzzle" and adds, "a dog like that should not win Westminster." The fact that Sir Lancelot did not take a bite out of Haggerty is testimony to his good nature.

KARI SMITH

Brooklyn

Sir:

After reading the paragraph on the Yorkshire terrier the average person is going to believe that all Yorkies have open skulls and can easily die. This is not true. The problem will occur more often at the toy breeds but is not common. As a reputable Yorkshire terrier breeder, in the future, we hope your Westminster review will be in better taste, or please don't bother.

LEONA and SCOTT RYAN

Worcester, Pa.

Sir:

As an exhibitor and fancier of dogs, I have to say that your article by Robert H. Boyle was one of the best I've ever read. The comments by Captain Haggerty may well have provided the impetus and hammer blows that are needed to shake up modern dog showing.

To have given an open critique, such as Haggerty did, on our most prestigious show, the Westminster, will undoubtedly not endear him to many, but he gained the respect

of countless others. To name names and point out faults required tremendous courage and an all-consuming personal honesty, which appear to be lacking in the show world of today.

ROBERT H. BLUES

President

Silence Is Golden Basenji Club

Wauwatosa, Wis.

Sir:

Captain Haggerty says it all in 17 sweet words: "... any dog that becomes a champion in the show ring should be able to pass working tests."

Now let's go to work and get back to the main point of dogs.

RAYMOND C. HOAGLAND

Fair Haven, N.J.

## ROPE TRICK

Sir:

Never have I read such a satisfying article as Richard W. Johnston's *There Vikings Were Stealer* (Feb. 24). I have been a Viking fan for quite some time now and my loyalty to them was severely tested after their disappointing play in this year's Super Bowl. But your article restored my confidence in them, not just as a football team but as people. I'm sure they can pull themselves together and have another good year, one they can be proud of. And if they don't, with a little practice they could be tug-of-war champions of the world.

DARRYL AABERG

Columbia Falls, Mont.

Sir:

Dave Osborn says, "It was the greatest experience, the greatest victory, I've ever had in sport. Better than any football game ... and people who see that tug-of-war on television will remember it when they've forgotten who played in the 1975 Super Bowl."

I remember who played in the 1975 Super Bowl. The Steelers wiped the Vikings off the field. They dominated the game in every aspect. If I were privileged enough to be a Steeler and someone asked me about the tug-of-war, I would simply hold up my hand and show him my Super Bowl ring.

WATTS HAMRECK

FRANK LEVIN

Concord, N.C.

## BOYS AND GIRLS TOGETHER

Sir:

I've always respected SI for standing up to the buggies in the sports world, but you

continued

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## 19TH HOLE continued

really blew it with "Set 'Em Up in the Other Alley" (SCORECARD, Feb. 24). You openly contradict yourself. You say girls join boys' sports because girls have no other outlet for their talent. Maybe these guys had no other outlet but to play on the girls' team; after all, there was no boys' team. Let's face it, if girls can compete with guys—well, it works both ways. You can't have your cake and eat it.

LARRY NISCH

Edison, N.J.

Sir:

Women ought to read the Equal Rights Amendment. Men also ought to wake up: a lot of money awaits those entering female tournaments.

The best of both worlds is no longer available. Ladies: The I RA offers you combat boots, not roses or candy, because those days are gone forever.

SAMUËL A. NISCH, M.D.

Cleveland Heights, Ohio

Sir:

At last the shoe is on the other foot. Educators in America must realize, and quickly, the absurdity of girls on boys' teams and boys on girls' teams. What is needed are separate outlets for boys and girls to further their athletic talents. If the formulation of separate teams for boys and girls necessitates a cut in boys' athletic funds, so be it. But it is something that must be done, and the sooner the better. Until then, if the girls are going to participate on boys' teams, then boys should be allowed to develop their athletic abilities on girls' teams. Gentlemen, keep on howling!

KEITH A. MARSHALL

North Riverside, Ill.

## VIOLENT HOCKEY (CONT.)

Sir:

This letter is in response to the increasing uproar over the violence prevalent in ice hockey today. I believe this criticism is unjustified in that it merely segregates one manifestation of our violent society.

Hockey provides what the majority of the ticket-buying public wants to see, speed and violence. If rock 'em, sock 'em hockey did not attract large crowds throughout the United States and Canada, you can bet that the front offices would change the playing tactics of their teams.

We live in a violent world and ice hockey is an extension of it. All of us should realize that criticism directed at hockey is, in truth, criticism directed at our society. Hockey will become less violent when our society becomes less violent. Until then we can continue to criticize, continue to buy tickets or, as many do, continue to do both.

W. STEWART MORSE

Minim

## IDENTIFIED FLYING OBJECTS

Sir:

On behalf of the ever-increasing number of flying disc enthusiasts, let me thank you for your entertaining coverage of two of our more prominent figures, John Kirkland and Victor Malafreonte ("They Are Mr. Life and Mr. Wife", Feb. 24). I only wish that you could have provided the reader with a clearer description of the degree to which the sport is developing.

This summer there will be six major events on the North American tournament schedule. The forms of competition are quite diverse, ranging from disc golf to freestyle. The competitors are drawn from across the continent, and they are dedicated. The result is a fascinating display of talent which, like Victor and John's act, draws an amazed reaction from spectators. I'm sure both John and Vic will attest to the severity of the competition in these events.

Many of us look forward to a flying disc show in the future, possibly with basketball as a warm-up act.

DANIEL RODRIGUEZ  
Editor  
*Flying Disc World*

Piscataway, N.J.

## CARR CRASH

Sir:

Applause for your interesting feature on the young wrestling prodigy Jimmy Carr (*Driving Up with a Compact Car*, Feb. 24). More applause for your present editorial opinion that Michigan State's two-time NCAA champ, Pat Milkovich, might prove to be a stumbling block for Jimmy Milkovich dinked for around 10 seconds of their Feb. 21 match before recording his first takedown en route to a convincing 9-2 victory.

ROBERT REYN

Detroit

## TALL ORDER

Sir:

Barry McDermott's article about young Bill Cartwright (*A High Road for a Hot High Schooler*, Feb. 24) shows that there are still great athletes whose values transcend million-dollar contracts. Every year we hear about agile giants who can jump and shoot. But one who respects his parents' judgments? Who values an education? Who has poise and discipline at 17? That's news.

Let us hope Bill has the impact, in both talent and character, that another great USF center had 20 years ago. You know who I mean: Ron Watts' friend.

BILL JOHNSTON

Oakland, Calif.

Address editorial mail to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.



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